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ESSAYS

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BY

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THE LIFE OF HEYNE.—GERMAN PLAYWRIGHTS.—APPENDIX.

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THE LIFE OF HEYNE.

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Professor Heeren's biographical and general literary abilites. Stinted rub-a-dub style of thinking and writing: Rhetorical flourishes: Truthfulness and trustworthiness. (p. 5).—Some account of Heyne's early years, given in his own words. Honesty, industry and almost destitution of his parents. Petty tyranny and rapacity: A juvenile would-be Brutus. Early schooling: hardships and helps: A quick scholar. His account of his boyhood rather barren and intolerant. Extraordinary school proficiency. A small degree of self-confidence awakened in him: General discontent: Becomes a private tutor. (7).—At Leipzig University: ill-clothed, destitute of books, with five shillings in his purse: He picked up what scraps of learning he could lay hold of: Ernesti the only teacher from whom he derived any benefit. Heyne's best teacher, himself: Without any clear aim, he set his heart on attaining knowledge, and no promise or threat could turn him back. Occasionally gets employment in giving private lessons: Chooses the profession of law. Some Latin verses attract the notice of Count Brühl. Ministerial smiles and empty promises. Again helps himself by private teaching: A hard bed: Boiled pease-cods not unfrequently his only meal: A poor appointment. (15).—His edition of Tibullus. His day of difficulty far from past. Some consequences of the Seven-Years War: Literary struggles. Accepts a tutorship in the family of Herr von Schönberg. Theresa Weiss: Her earnest intelligence, and good-heartedness: Friendship ripening into passion: Mutual confidence. Bombardment of Dresden: Flight, and helpless destitution. Theresa's extreme illness: She renounces the Catholic, and publicly embraces the Protesant Faith: Marriage: a bold step, but a right one. Domestic difficulties and hardships: Theresa's prompt courage. (20).—Dawning of better days: Appointed Professor of Eloquence at Göttingen. His long life henceforth quietly and actively fruitful. His literary and other labours. Death of his noble-hearted Wife: Grounds of consolation. His friends provide him with a new Bride: She proved an excellent wife to him. State of education in Germany. Heyne's successful labours for the Göttingen University. He lived till he had completed all his undertakings; and died softly and gently in his eighty-third year. (27).—His intellectual character. Founded a new epoch in classical study. A show of dulness and hardness in him, not intrinsically belonging to him: A kindly old man, whom the Germans have some reason to be proud of. Another proof that man is not the product of his circumstances, but that, in a far higher degree, the circumstances are the product of the man. (36).

THE LIFE OF HEYNE.

[1828.]

The labours and merits of Heyne being better known, and more justly appreciated in England, than those of almost any other German, whether scholar, poet or philosopher, we cannot but believe that some notice of his life may be acceptable to most readers. Accordingly, we here mean to give a short abstract of this Volume, a miniature copy of the 'biographical portrait;' but must first say a few words on the portrait itself, and the limner by whom it was drawn.

Professor Heeren is a man of learning, and known far out of his own Hanoverian circle,—indeed, more or less to all students of history,—by his researches on Ancient Commerce, a voluminous account of which from his hand enjoys considerable reputation. He is evidently a man of sense and natural talent, as well as learning; and his gifts seem to lie round him in quiet arrangement, and very much at his own command. Nevertheless, we cannot admire him as a writer; we do not even reckon that such endowments as he has are adequately represented in his books. His style both of diction and thought is thin, cold, formal, without force or character, and painfully reminds us of college lectures. He can work rapidly, but with no freedom, and, as it were, only in one attitude, and at one sort of labour. Not that we particularly blame Professor Heeren for this, but that we think he might have been something better: these 'fellows in buck-

[1] Foreign Review, No. 4. — *Christian Gottlob Heyne biographisch dargestellt von Arnold Hermann Ludwig Heeren.* (Christian Gottlob Heyne biographically portrayed by Arnold Hermann Ludwig Heeren.) Göttingen.

ram,' very numerous in certain walks of literature, are an unfortunate rather than a guilty class of men ; they have fallen, perhaps unwillingly, into the plan of writing by pattern, and can now do no other ; for, in their minds, the beautiful comes at last to be simply synonymous with the neat. Every sentence bears a family-likeness to its precursor ; most probably it has a set number of clauses (three is a favourite number, as in Gibbon, for 'the Muses delight in odds') ; has also a given rhythm, a known and foreseen music, simple but limited enough, like that of ill-bred fingers drumming on a table. And then it is strange how soon the outward rhythm carries the inward along with it ; and the thought moves with the same stinted, hamstrung rub-a-dub as the words. In a state of perfection, this species of writing comes to resemble power-loom weaving ; it is not the mind that is at work, but some scholastic machinery which the mind has of old constructed, and is from afar observing. Shot follows shot from the unwearied shuttle ; and so the web is woven, ultimately and properly, indeed, by the wit of man, yet immediately and in the meanwhile by the mere aid of time and steam.

But our Professor's mode of speculation is little less intensely academic than his mode of writing. We fear he is something of what the Germans call a *Kleinstädter ;* mentally as well as bodily, a 'dweller in a little town.' He speaks at great length, and with undue fondness, of the 'Georgia Augusta ;' which, after all, is but the University of Göttingen, an earthly and no celestial institution : it is nearly in vain that he tries to contemplate Heyne as a European personage, or even as a German one ; beyond the precincts of the Georgia Augusta, his view seems to grow feeble, and soon dies away into vague inanity ; so we have not Heyne, the man and scholar, but Heyne the Göttingen Professor. But neither is this habit of mind any strange or crying sin, or at all peculiar to Göttingen ; as, indeed, most parishes in England can produce more than one example to show. And yet it is pitiful, when an establishment for universal science, which ought to be a watchtower where a man might see all

the kingdoms of the world, converts itself into a workshop, whence he sees nothing but his toolbox and bench, and the world, in broken glimpses, through one patched and highly discoloured pane!

Sometimes, indeed, our worthy friend rises into a region of the moral sublime, in which it is difficult for a foreigner to follow him. Thus he says, on one occasion, speaking of Heyne: 'Immortal are his merits in regard to the catalogues' —of the Göttingen library. And, to cite no other instance except the last and best one, we are informed, that when Heyne died, 'the guardian angels of the Georgia Augusta 'waited, in that higher world, to meet him with blessings.' By Day and Night! there is no such guardian angel, that we know of, for the University of Göttingen; neither does it need one, being a good solid seminary of itself, with handsome stipends from Government. We had imagined too, that if anybody welcomed people into heaven, it would be St. Peter, or at least some angel of old standing, and not a mere mushroom, as this of Göttingen must be, created since the year 1739.

But we are growing very ungrateful to the good Heeren, who meant no harm by these flourishes of rhetoric, and indeed does not often indulge in them. The grand questions with us here are, Did he know the truth in this matter; and and was he disposed to tell it honestly? To both of which questions we can answer without reserve, that all appearances are in his favour. He was Heyne's pupil, colleague, son-in-law, and so knew him intimately for thirty years: he has every feature also of a just, quiet, truth-loving man; so that we see little reason to doubt the authenticity, the innocence, of any statement in his Volume. What more have we to do with him then, but to take thankfully what he has been pleased and able to give us, and, with all despatch, communicate it to our readers?

Heyne's Life is not without an intrinsic, as well as an external interest; for he had much to struggle with, and he struggled with it manfully; thus his history has a value in-

dependent of his fame. Some account of his early years we are happily enabled to give in his own words: we translate a considerable part of this passage; autobiography being a favourite sort of reading with us.

He was born at Chemnitz, in Upper Saxony, in September 1729; the eldest of a poor weaver's family, poor almost to the verge of destitution.

'My good father, George Heyne,' says he, 'was a native of the principality of Glogau, in Silesia, from the little village of Gravenschütz. His youth had fallen in those times when the Evangelist party of that province were still exposed to the oppressions and persecutions of the Romish Church. His kindred, enjoying the blessing of contentment in an humble but independent station, felt, like others, the influence of this proselytising bigotry, and lost their domestic peace by means of it. Some went over to the Romish faith. My father left his native village, and endeavoured, by the labour of his hands, to procure a livelihood in Saxony. "What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" was the thought which the scenes of his youth had stamped the most deeply on his mind. But no lucky chance favoured his enterprises or endeavours to better his condition, never so little. On the contrary, a series of perverse incidents kept him continually below the limits even of a moderate sufficiency. His old age was thus left a prey to poverty, and to her companions, timidity and depression of mind. Manufactures, at that time, were visibly declining in Saxony; and the misery among the working-classes, in districts concerned in the linen trade, was unusually severe. Scarcely could the labour of the hands suffice to support the labourer himself, still less his family. The saddest aspect which the decay of civic society can exhibit has always appeared to me to be this, when honourable, honour-loving, conscientious diligence cannot, by the utmost efforts of toil, obtain the necessaries of life; or when the working man cannot even find work, but must stand with folded arms, lamenting his forced idleness, through which himself and his family are verging to starvation, or it may be, actually suffering the pains of hunger.

'It was in the extremest penury that I was born and brought up. The earliest companion of my childhood was Want; and my first impressions came from the tears of my

mother, who had not bread for her children. How often have I seen her on Saturday-nights wringing her hands and weeping, when she had come back with what the hard toil, nay often the sleepless nights, of her husband had produced, and could find none to buy it! Sometimes a fresh attempt was made through me or my sister: I had to return to the purchasers with the same piece of ware, to see whether we could not possibly get rid of it. In that quarter there is a class of so-called merchants, who, however, are in fact nothing more than forestallers, that buy up the linen made by the poorer people at the lowest price, and endeavour to sell it in other districts at the highest. Often have I seen one or other of these petty tyrants, with all the pride of a satrap, throw back the piece of goods offered him, or imperiously cut off some trifle from the price and wages required for it. Necessity constrained the poorer to sell the sweat of his brow at a *groschen* or two less, and again to make good the deficit by starving. It was the view of such things that awakened the first sparks of indignation in my young heart. The show of pomp and plenty among these purse-proud people, who fed themselves on the extorted crumbs of so many hundreds, far from dazzling me into respect or fear, filled me with rage against them. The first time I heard of tyrannicide at school, there rose vividly before me the project to become a Brutus on all those oppressors of the poor, who had so often cast my father and mother into straits: and here, for the first time, was an instance of a truth which I have since had frequent occasion to observe, that if the unhappy man, armed with feeling of his wrongs and a certain strength of soul, does not risk the utmost and become an open criminal, it is merely the beneficent result of those circumstances in which Providence has placed him, thereby fettering his activity, and guarding him from such destructive attempts. That the oppressing part of mankind should be secured against the oppressed was, in the plan of inscrutable Wisdom, a most important element of the present system of things.

'My good parents did what they could, and sent me to a child's-school in the suburbs. I obtained the praise of learning very fast, and being very fond of it. My schoolmaster had two sons, lately returned from Leipzig; a couple of depraved fellows, who took all pains to lead me astray; and, as I resisted, kept me for a long time, by threats and mistreatment of all sorts, extremely miserable. So early as my tenth year, to raise the money for my school wages, I had given les-

sons to a neighbour's child, a little girl, in reading and writing. As the common school-course could take me no farther, the point now was to get a private hour and proceed into Latin. But for that purpose a *guter groschen* weekly was required; this my parents had not to give. Many a day I carried this grief about with me: however, I had a godfather, who was in easy circumstances, a baker, and my mother's half-brother. One Saturday I was sent to this man to fetch a loaf. With wet eyes I entered his house, and chanced to find my godfather himself there. Being questioned why I was crying, I tried to answer, but a whole stream of tears broke loose, and scarcely could I make the cause of my sorrow intelligible. My magnanimous godfather offered to pay the weekly *groschen* out of his own pocket; and only this condition was imposed on me, that I should come to him every Sunday, and repeat what part of the Gospel I had learned by heart. This latter arrangement had one good effect for me,—it exercised my memory, and I learned to recite without bashfulness.

'Drunk with joy, I started off with my loaf; tossing it up time after time into the air, and barefoot as I was, I capered aloft after it. But hereupon my loaf fell into a puddle. This misfortune again brought me a little to reason. My mother heartily rejoiced at the good news; my father was less content. Thus passed a couple of years; and my schoolmaster intimated, what I myself had long known, that I could now learn no more from him.

'This then was the time when I must leave school, and betake me to the handicraft of my father. Were not the artisan under oppressions of so many kinds, robbed of the fruits of his hard toil, and of so many advantages to which the useful citizen has a natural claim; I should still say: *Had* I but continued in the station of my parents, what thousandfold vexation would at this hour have been unknown to me! My father could not but be anxious to have a grown-up son for an assistant in his labour, and looked upon my repugnance to it with great dislike. I again longed to get into the grammar-school of the town; but for this all means were wanting. Where was a *gulden* of quarterly fees, where were books and a blue cloak to be come at? How wistfully my look often hung on the walls of the school when I passed it!

'A clergyman of the suburbs was my second godfather; his name was Sebastian Seydel; my schoolmaster, who likewise belonged to his congregation, had told him of me. I was sent for, and after a short examination, he promised me that

I should go to the town-school; he himself would bear the charges. Who can express my happiness, as I then felt it! I was despatched to the first teacher; examined, and placed with approbation in the second class. Weakly from the first, pressed down with sorrow and want, without any cheerful enjoyment of childhood or youth, I was still of very small stature; my class fellows judged by externals, and had a very slight opinion of me. Scarcely, by various proofs of diligence and by the praises I received, could I get so far that they tolerated my being put beside them.

'And certainly my diligence was not a little hampered! Of his promise, the clergyman, indeed, kept so much, that he paid my quarterly fees, provided me with a coarse cloak, and gave me some useless volumes that were lying on his shelves; but to furnish me with school-books he could not resolve. I thus found myself under the necessity of borrowing a class-fellow's books, and daily copying a part of them before the lesson. On the other hand, the honest man would have some hand himself in my instruction, and gave me from time to time some hours in Latin. In his youth he had learned to make Latin verses: scarcely was *Erasmus de Civilitate Morum* got over, when I too must take to verse-making; all this before I had read any authors, or could possibly possess any store of words. The man was withal passionate and rigorous; in every point repulsive; with a moderate income he was accused of avarice; he had the stiffness and self-will of an old bachelor, and at the same time the vanity of aiming to be a good Latinist, and, what was more, a Latin verse-maker, and consequently a literary clergyman. These qualities of his all contributed to overload my youth, and nip away in the bud every enjoyment of its pleasures.'

In this plain but somewhat leaden style does Heyne proceed, detailing the crosses and losses of his school-years. We cannot pretend that the narrative delights us much; nay, that it is not rather bald and barren for such a narrative; but its fidelity may be relied on; and it paints the clear, broad, strong and somewhat heavy nature of the writer, perhaps better than description could do. It is curious, for instance, to see with how little of a purely humane interest he looks back to his childhood; how Heyne the man has almost grown into a sort of teaching-machine, and sees in Heyne the boy little else than

the incipient Gerundgrinder, and tells us little else but how this wheel after the other was developed in him, and he came at last to grind in complete perfection. We could have wished to get some view into the interior of that poor Chemnitz hovel, with its unresting loom and cheerless hearth, its squalor and devotion, its affection and repining; and the fire of natural genius struggling into flame amid such incumbrances, in an atmosphere so damp and close! But of all this we catch few farther glimpses; and hear only of Fabricius and Owen and Pasor, and school-examinations, and rectors that had been taught by Ernesti. Neither, in another respect, not of omission but of commission, can this piece of writing altogether content us. We must object a little to the spirit of it, as too narrow, too intolerant. Sebastian Seydel must have been a very meagre men; but is it right that Heyne, of all others, should speak of him with asperity? Without question the unfortunate Seydel meant nobly, had not thrift stood in his way. Did he not pay down his *gulden* every quarter regularly, and give the boy a blue cloak, though a coarse one? Nay, he bestowed old books on him, and instruction, according to his gift, in the mystery of verse-making. And was not all this something? And if thrift and charity had a continual battle to fight, was not that better than a flat surrender on the part of the latter? The other pastors of Chemnitz are all quietly forgotten: why should Sebastian be remembered to his disadvantage for being only a little better than they?

Heyne continued to be much infested with tasks from Sebastian, and sorely held down by want, and discouragement of every sort. The school-course moreover, he says, was bad; nothing but the old routine; vocables, translations, exercises; all without spirit or purpose. Nevertheless, he continued to make what we must call wonderful proficiency in these branches; especially as he had still to write every task before he could learn it. For he prepared 'Greek versions,' he says, 'also Greek verses; and by and by could write down in Greek 'prose, and at last, in Greek as well as Latin verses, the dis- 'courses he heard in church!' Some ray of hope was beginning to spring up within his mind. A certain small degree of

self-confidence had first been awakened in him, as he informs us, by a 'pedantic adventure:'

'There chanced to be a school-examination held, at which the Superintendent, as chief school-inspector, was present. This man, Dr. Theodor Krüger, a theologian of some learning for his time, all at once interrupted the rector, who was teaching *ex cathedra*, and put the question: Who among the scholars could tell him what might be made *per anagramma* from the word *Austria?* This whim had arisen from the circumstance that the first Silesian war was just begun; and some such anagram, reckoned very happy, had appeared in a newspaper.[1] No one of us knew so much as what an anagram was; even the rector looked quite perplexed. As none answered, the latter began to give us a description of anagrams in general. I set myself to work, and sprang forth with my discovery: *Vastari!* This was something different from the newspaper one: so much the greater was our Superintendent's admiration; and the more, as the successful aspirant was a little boy, on the lowest bench of the *secunda*. He growled out his applause to me; but at the same time set the whole school about my ears, as he stoutly upbraided them with being beaten by an *infimus*.

'Enough: this pedantic adventure gave the first impulse to the development of my powers. I began to take some credit to myself, and in spite of all the oppression and contempt in which I languished, to resolve on struggling forward. This first struggle was in truth ineffectual enough; was soon regarded as a piece of pride and conceitedness; it brought on me a thousand humiliations and disquietudes; at times it might degenerate on my part into defiance. Nevertheless, it kept me at the stretch of my diligence, ill-guided as it was, and withdrew me from the company of my classfellows, among whom, as among children of low birth and bad nurture could not fail to be the case, the utmost coarseness and boorishness of every sort prevailed. The plan of these schools does not include any general inspection, but limits itself to mere intellectual instruction.

'Yet on all hands,' continues he, 'I found myself too sadly hampered. The perverse way in which the old parson treated me; at home the discontent and grudging of my parents, especially of my father, who could not get on with his work,

[1] 'As yet Saxony was against Austria, not, as in the end, allied with her.'

and still thought that, had I kept by his way of life, he might now have had some help; the pressure of want, the feeling of being behind every other; all this would allow no cheerful thought, no sentiment of worth to spring up within me. A timorous, bashful, awkward carriage shut me out still farther from all exterior attractions. Where could I learn good manners, elegance, a right way of thought? Where could I attain any culture for heart and spirit?

'Upwards, however, I still strove. A feeling of honour, a wish for something better, an effort to work myself out of this abasement, incessantly attended me; but without direction as it was, it led me rather to sullenness, misanthropy and clownishness.

'At length a place opened for me, where some training in these points lay within my reach. One of our senators took his mother-in-law home to live with him; she had still two children with her, a son and a daughter, both about my own age. For the son private lessons were wanted; and happily I was chosen for the purpose.

'As these private lessons brought me in a *gulden* monthly, I now began to defend myself a little against the grumbling of my parents. Hitherto I had been in the habit of doing work occasionally, that I might not be told how I was eating their bread for nothing; clothes, and oil for my lamp, I had earned by teaching in the house: these things I could now relinquish; and thus my condition was in some degree improved. On the other hand, I had now opportunity of seeing persons of better education. I gained the goodwill of the family; so that besides the lesson-hours, I generally lived there. Such society afforded me some culture, extended my conceptions and opinions, and also polished a little the rudeness of my exterior.'

In this senatorial house he must have been somewhat more at ease; for he now very privately fell in love with his pupil's sister, and made and burnt many Greek and Latin verses in her praise; and had sweet dreams of sometime rising 'so high as to be worthy of her.' Even as matters stood, he acquired her friendship and that of her mother. But the grand concern, for the present, was how to get to college at Leipzig. Old Sebastian had promised to stand good on this occasion; and unquestionably would have done so with the

greatest pleasure, had it cost him nothing: but he promised and promised, without doing aught; above all, without putting his hand in his pocket; and elsewhere there was no help or resource. At length, wearied perhaps with the boy's importunity, he determined to bestir himself; and so directed his assistant, who was just making a journey to Leipzig, to show Heyne the road: the two arrived in perfect safety; Heyne still longing after cash, for of his own he had only two *gulden*, about five shillings; but the assistant left him in a lodging-house, and went his way, saying he had no farther orders!

The miseries of a poor scholar's life were now to be Heyne's portion in full measure. Ill-clothed, totally destitute of books, with five shillings in his purse, he found himself set down in the Leipzig University, to study all learning. Despondency at first overmastered the poor boy's heart, and he sank into sickness, from which indeed he recovered; but only, he says, 'to fall into conditions of life where he became the prey of desperation.' How he contrived to exist, much more to study, is scarcely apparent from this narrative. The unhappy old Sebastian did at length send him some pittance, and at rare intervals repeated the dole; yet ever with his own peculiar grace; not till after unspeakable solicitations; in quantities that were consumed by inextinguishable debt, and coupled with sour admonitions; nay, on one occasion, addressed externally, '*A Mr. Heyne,* ETUDIANT NÉGLIGEANT.' For half a year he would leave him without all help; then promise to come and see what he was doing; come accordingly, and return without leaving him a penny: neither could the destitute youth ever obtain any public furtherance; no *freitisch* (free-table) or *stipendium* was to be procured. Many times he had no regular meal; 'often not three halfpence for a loaf at midday.' He longed to be dead, for his spirit was often sunk in the gloom of darkness. 'One good heart 'alone,' says he, 'I found, and that in the servant-girl of the 'house where I lodged. She laid out money for my most 'pressing necessities, and risked almost all she had, seeing 'me in such frightful want. Could I but find thee in the

'world even now, thou good pious soul, that I might repay 'thee what thou then didst for me!'

Heyne declares it to be still a mystery to him how he stood all this. 'What carried me forward,' continues he, 'was not 'ambition; any youthful dream of one day taking a place, or 'aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true, the bitter 'feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education and exter-'nal polish, the consciousness of awkwardness in social life,' 'incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in 'a certain defiance of Fate. This gave me courage not to 'yield; everywhere to try to the uttermost whether I was 'doomed without remedy never to rise from this degradation.'

Of order in his studies there could be little expectation. He did not even know what profession he was aiming after: old Sebastian was for theology; and Heyne, though himself averse to it, affected and only affected to comply: besides he had no money to pay class fees; it was only to open lectures, or at most to ill-guarded class-rooms, that he could gain admission. Of this ill-guarded sort was Winkler's; into which poor Heyne insinuated himself to hear philosophy. Alas, the first problem of all philosophy, the keeping of soul and body together, was wellnigh too hard for him! Winkler's students were of a riotous description; accustomed, among other improprieties, to *scharren*, scraping with the feet. One day they chose to receive Heyne in this fashion; and he could not venture back. 'Nevertheless,' adds he, simply enough, 'the 'beadle came to me some time afterwards, demanding the fee: 'I had my own shifts to take before I could raise it.'

Ernesti was the only teacher from whom he derived any benefit; the man, indeed, whose influence seems to have shaped the whole subsequent course of his studies. By dint of excessive endeavours he gained admittance to Ernesti's lectures; and here first learned, says Heeren, 'what interpretation of the classics meant.' One Crist also, a strange, fantastic Sir Plume of a Professor, who built much on taste, elegance of manners and the like, took some notice of him, and procured him a little employment as a private teacher. This might be more useful than his advice to imitate Scaliger,

and read the ancients so as to begin with the most ancient, and proceed regularly to the latest. Small service it can do a bedrid man to convince him that waltzing is preferable to quadrilles! 'Crist's Lectures,' says he, 'were a tissue of end-'less digressions, which, however, now and then contained 'excellent remarks.'

But Heyne's best teacher was himself. No pressure of distresses, no want of books, advisers or encouragement, not hunger itself could abate his resolute perseverance. What books he could come at he borrowed; and such was his excess of zeal in reading, that for a whole half-year he allowed himself only two nights of sleep in the week, till at last a fever obliged him to be more moderate. His diligence was undirected, or ill-directed, but it never rested, never paused, and must at length prevail. Fortune had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day. Heyne, without any clear aim, almost without any hope, had set his heart on attaining knowledge; a force, as of instinct, drove him on, and no promise and no threat could turn him back. It was at the very depth of his destitution, when he had not 'three *groschen* for a loaf to dine on, that he refused a tutorship, with handsome enough appointments, but which was to have removed him from the University. Crist had sent for him one Sunday, and made him the proposal: 'There arose a violent struggle within 'me,' says he, 'which drove me to and fro for several days; 'to this hour it is incomprehensible to me where I found reso-'lution to determine on renouncing the offer, and pursuing 'my object in Leipzig.' A man with a half volition goes backwards and forwards, and makes no way on the smoothest road; a man with a whole volition advances on the roughest, and will reach his purpose if there be even a little wisdom in it.

With his first two years' residence in Leipzig, Heyne's personal narrative terminates; not because the nodus of the history had been solved then, and his perplexities cleared up, but simply because he had not found time to relate farther. A

long series of straitened hopeless days were yet appointed him. By Ernesti's or Crist's recommendation, he occasionally got employment in giving private lessons; at one time, he worked as secretary and classical hodman to 'Crusius, the philosopher,' who felt a little rusted in his Greek and Latin; everywhere he found the scantiest accommodation, and shifting from side to side in dreary vicissitude of want, had to spin out an existence, warmed by no ray of comfort, except the fire that burnt or smouldered unquenchably within his own bosom. However, he had now chosen a profession, that of law, at which, as at many other branches of learning, he was labouring with his old diligence. Of preferment in this province there was, for the present, little or no hope; but this was no new thing with Heyne. By degrees, too, his fine talents and endeavours, and his perverse situation, began to attract notice and sympathy; and here and there some well-wisher had his eye on him, and stood ready to do him a service. Two-and-twenty years of penury and joyless struggling had now passed over the man; how many more such might be added was still uncertain; yet surely the longest winter is followed by a spring.

Another trifling incident, little better than that old 'pedantic adventure,' again brought about important changes in Heyne's situation. Among his favourers in Leipzig had been the preacher of a French chapel, one Lacoste, who, at this time, was cut off by death. Heyne, it is said in the real sorrow of his heart, composed a long Latin Epicedium on that occasion: the poem had nowise been intended for the press; but certain hearers of the deceased were so pleased with it, that they had it printed, and this in the finest style of typography and decoration. It was this latter circumstance, not the merit of the verses, which is said to have been considerable, that attracted the attention of Count Brühl, the well-known prime minister and favourite of the Elector. Brühl's sons were studying in Leipzig; he was pleased to express himself contented with the poem, and to say, that he should like to have the author in his service. A prime minister's words are not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot

be gathered; but rather as heavenly manna, which is treasured up and eaten, not without a religious sentiment. Heyne was forthwith written to from all quarters, that his fortune was made: he had but to show himself in Dresden, said his friends with one voice, and golden showers from the ministerial cornucopia would refresh him almost to saturation. For, was not the Count taken with him; and who in all Saxony, not excepting Serene Highness itself, could gainsay the Count? Over-persuaded, and against his will, Heyne at length determined on the journey; for which, as an indispensable preliminary, 'fifty-one *thalers*' had to be borrowed; and so, following this hopeful quest, he actually arrived at Dresden in April, 1752. Count Brühl received him with the most captivating smiles; and even assured him in words, that he, Count Brühl, would take care of him. But a prime minister has so much to take care of! Heyne danced attendance all spring and summer; happier than our Johnson, inasmuch as he had not to 'blow his fingers in a cold lobby,' the weather being warm; and obtained not only promises, but useful experience of their value at courts.

He was to be made a secretary, with five hundred, with four hundred, or even with three hundred *thalers*, of income: only, in the meanwhile, his old stock of fifty-one had quite run out, and he had nothing to live upon. By great good luck, he procured some employment in his old craft, private teaching, which helped him through the winter, but as this ceased, he remained without resources. He tried working for the booksellers, and translated a French romance, and a Greek one, Chariton's Loves of Chareas and Callirhoe: however, his emoluments would scarcely furnish him with salt, not to speak of victuals. He sold his few books. A licentiate in divinity, one Sonntag, took pity on his houselessness, and shared a garret with him; where, as there was no unoccupied bed, Heyne slept on the floor with a few folios for his pillow. So fared he as to lodging: in regard to board, he gathered empty pease-cods, and had them boiled; this was not unfrequently his only meal.—O ye poor naked wretches! what would Bishop Watson say to this?—At length, by dint of incredible solicita-

tions, Heyne, in the autumn of 1753, obtained, not his secretaryship, but the post of under-clerk (*copyist*) in the Brühl Library, with one hundred *thalers* of salary; a sum barely sufficient to keep in life, which, indeed, was now a great point with him. In such sort was this young scholar 'taken care of.'

Nevertheless, it was under these external circumstances that he first entered on his proper career, and forcibly made a place for himself among the learned men of his day. In 1754, he prepared his edition of Tibullus, which was printed next year at Leipzig;[1] a work said to exhibit remarkable talent, inasmuch as 'the rudiments of all those excellences, by which 'Heyne afterwards became distinguished as a commentator on 'the classics, are more or less apparent in it.' The most illustrious Henry Count von Brühl, in spite of the dedication, paid no regard to this Tibullus; as indeed Germany at large paid little: but, in another country, it fell into the hands of Rhunken, where it was rightly estimated, and lay waiting, as in due season appeared, to be the pledge of better fortune for its author.

Meanwhile the day of difficulty for Heyne was yet far from past. The profits of his Tibullus served to cancel some debts; on the strength of the hundred *thalers*, the spindle of Clotho might still keep turning, though languidly; but, ere long, new troubles arose. His superior in the Library was one Rost, a poetaster, atheist, and gold-maker, who corrupted his religious principles, and plagued him with caprices: over the former evil Heyne at length triumphed, and became a rational Christian; but the latter was an abiding grievance: not, indeed, forever, for it was removed by a greater. In 1756, the Seven-Years War broke out; Frederick advanced towards Dresden, animated with especial fury against Brühl; whose palaces accordingly in a few months were reduced to ashes, as his 70,000 splendid volumes were annihilated by fire and by water,[2]

[1] *Albii Tibulli quæ extant Carmina, novis curis castigata. Illustrissimo Domino Henrico Comiti de Brühl inscripta. Lipsiæ*, 1755.

[2] One rich cargo, on its way to Hamburg, sank in the Elbe; another still more valuable portion had been, for safety, deposited in a vault; through which passed certain pipes of artificial water-works: these the

and all his domestics and dependants turned to the street without appeal.

Heyne had lately been engaged in studying Epictetus, and publishing, *ad fidem Codd. Mnspt.*, an edition of his Enchiridion;[1] from which, quote Heeren, his great soul had acquired much stoical nourishment. Such nourishment never comes wrong in life; and, surely, at this time Heyne had need of it all. However, he struggled as he had been wont: translated pamphlets, sometimes wrote newspaper articles; eat when he had wherewithal, and resolutely endured when he had not. By and by, Rabener, to whom he was a little known, offered him a tutorship in the family of a Herr von Schönberg; which Heyne, not without reluctance, accepted. Tutorships were at all times his aversion: his rugged plebeian proud spirit made business of that sort grievous: but Want stood over him, like an armed man, and was not to be reasoned with.

In this Schönberg family, a novel and unexpected series of fortunes awaited him; but whether for weal or for woe might still be hard to determine. The name of Theresa Weiss has become a sort of classical word in biography; her union with Heyne forms, as it were, a green cypress-and-myrtle oasis in his otherwise hard and stony history. It was here that he first met with her; that they learned to love each other. She was the orphan of a 'professor on the lute;' had long, amid poverty and afflictions, been trained, like the stoics, to bear and forbear; was now in her twenty-seventh year, and the humble companion, as she had once been the school-mate, of the Frau von Schönberg, whose young brother Heyne had come to teach. Their first interview may be described in his own words, which Heeren is here again happily enabled to introduce:

'It was on the 10th of October (her future death-day!) that I first entered the Schönberg house. Towards what moun-

cannon broke, and when the vault came to be opened, all was reduced to pulp and mould. The bomb-shells burnt the remainder.

[1] Lipsiæ, 1756. The *Codices*, or rather the *Codex*, was in Brühl's Library.

tains of mischances was I now proceeding! To what endless tissues of good and evil hap was the thread here taken up! Could I fancy that, at this moment, Providence was deciding the fortune of my life! I was ushered into a room, where sat several ladies engaged, with gay youthful sportiveness, in friendly confidential talk. Frau von Schönberg, but lately married, yet at this time distant from her husband, was preparing for a journey to him at Prague, where his business detained him. On her brow still beamed the pure innocence of youth; in her eyes you saw a glad soft vernal sky; a smiling loving complaisance accompanied her discourse. This too seemed one of those souls, clear and uncontaminated as they come from the hands of their Maker. By reason of her brother, in her tender love of him, I must have been to her no unimportant guest.

'Beside her stood a young lady, dignified in aspect, of fair, slender shape, not regular in feature, yet soul in every glance. Her words, her looks, her every movement impressed you with respect; another sort of respect than what is paid to rank and birth. Good sense, good feeling disclosed itself in all she did. You forgot that more beauty, more softness, might have been demanded; you felt yourself under the influence of something noble, something stately and earnest, something decisive that lay in her look, in her gestures; not less attracted to her, than compelled to reverence her.

'More than esteem the first sight of Theresa did not inspire me with. What I noticed most were the efforts she made to relieve my embarrassment, the fruit of my downbent pride, and to keep me, a stranger, entering among familiar acquaintances, in easy conversation. Her good heart reminded her how much the unfortunate requires encouragement; especially when placed, as I was, among those to whose protection he must look up. Thus was my first kindness for her awakened by that good heartedness, which made her among thousands a beneficent angel. She was one at this moment, to myself; for I twice received letters from an unknown hand, containing money, which greatly alleviated my difficulties.

'In a few days, on the 14th of October, I commenced my task of instruction. Her I did not see again till the following spring, when she returned with her friend from Prague; and then only once or twice, as she soon accompanied Frau von Schönberg to the country, to Ænsdorf in Oberlausitz (Upper Lusatia). They left us, after it had been settled that I was to follow them in a few days with my pupil. My young

heart joyed in the prospect of rural pleasures, of which I had, from of old, cherished a thousand delightful dreams. I still remember the 6th of May, when we set out for Ænsdorf.

'The society of two cultivated females, who belonged to the noblest of their sex, and the endeavour to acquire their esteem, contributed to form my own character. Nature and religion were the objects of my daily contemplation ; I began to act and live on principles, of which, till now, I had never thought : these two formed the subject of our constant discourse. Lovely Nature and solitude exalted our feelings to a pitch of pious enthusiasm.

'Sooner than I, Theresa discovered that her friendship for me was growing into a passion. Her natural melancholy now seized her heart more keenly than ever : often our glad hours were changed into very gloomy and sad ones. Whenever our conversation chanced to turn on religion (she was of the Roman Catholic faith), I observed that her grief became more apparent. I noticed her redouble her devotions ; and sometimes found her in solitude, weeping and praying with such a fulness of heart as I had never seen.'

Theresa and her lover, or at least beloved, were soon separated, and for a long while kept much asunder ; partly by domestic arrangements, still more by the tumults of war. Heyne attended his pupil to the Wittenberg University, and lived there a year ; studying for his own behoof, chiefly in philosophy and German history, and with more profit, as he says, than of old. Theresa and he kept up a correspondence, which often passed into melancholy and enthusiasm. The Prussian cannon drove him out of Wittenberg : his pupil and he witnessed the bombardment of the place from the neighbourhood ; and, having waited till their University became 'a heap of rubbish,' had to retire elsewhither for accommodation. The young man subsequently went to Erlangen, then to Göttingen. Heyne remained again without employment, alone in Dresden. Theresa was living in his neighbourhood, lovely and sad as ever ; but a new bombardment drove her also to a distance. She left her little property with Heyne ; who removed it to his lodging, and determined to abide the Prussian siege, having indeed no other resource. The sack of cities looks so well on paper, that we must find a little

space here for Heyne's account of his experience in this business; though it is none of the brightest accounts; and indeed contrasts but poorly with Rabener's brisk sarcastic narrative of the same adventure; for he too was cannonaded out of Dresden at this time, and lost house and home, and books and manuscripts, and all but good humour.

'The Prussians advanced meanwhile, and on the 18th of July (1760) the bombardment of Dresden began. Several nights I passed, in company with others, in a tavern, and the days in my room; so that I could hear the balls from the battery, as they flew through the streets, whizzing past my windows. An indifference to danger and to life took such possession of me, that on the last morning of the siege, I went early to bed, and, amid the frightfullest crashing of bombs and grenades, fell fast asleep of fatigue, and lay sound till midday. On awakening, I huddled-on my clothes, and ran down stairs, but found the whole house deserted. I had returned to my room, considering what I was to do, whither, at all events, I was to take my chest, when, with a tremendous crash, a bomb came down in the court of the house; did not, indeed, set fire to it, but on all sides shattered everything to pieces. The thought, that where one bomb fell, more would soon follow, gave me wings; I darted down stairs, found the house-door locked, ran to and fro; at last got entrance into one of the under rooms, and sprang through the window into the street.

'Empty as the street where I lived had been, I found the principal thoroughfares crowded with fugitives. Amidst the whistling of balls, I ran along the Schlossgasse towards the Elbe-Bridge, and so forward to the Neustadt, out of which the Prussians had now been forced to retreat. Glad that I had leave to rest anywhere, I passed one part of the night on the floor of an empty house; the other, witnessing the frightful light of flying bombs, and a burning city.

'At break of day, a little postern was opened by the Austrian guard, to let the fugitives get out of the walls. The captain, in his insolence, called the people Lutheran dogs, and with this nickname gave each of us a stroke as we passed through the gate.

'I was now at large; and the thought, Whither bound? began for the first time to employ me. As I had run, indeed leapt from my house, in the night of terror, I had carried

with me no particle of my property, and not a *groschen* of money. Only in hurrying along the street, I had chanced to see a tavern open ; it was an Italian's, where I used to pass the nights. Here espying a fur cloak, I had picked it up, and thrown it about me. With this I walked along, in one of the sultriest days, from the Neustadt, over the sand and the moor, and took the road for Æsndorf, where Theresa with her friend was staying ; the mother-in-law of the latter being also on a visit to them. In the fiercest heat of the sun, through tracts of country silent and deserted, I walked four leagues to Bischopfwerda, where I had to sleep in an inn among carriers. Towards midnight arrived a postilion with return-horses ; I asked him to let me ride one ; and with him I proceeded, till my road turned off from the highway. All day, I heard the shots at poor Dresden re-echoing in the hills.

'Curiosity at first made my reception at Æsndorf very warm. But as I came to appear in the character of an altogether destitute man, the family could see in me only a future burden : no invitation to continue with them followed. In a few days came a chance of conveyance, by a waggon for Neustadt, to a certain Frau von Fletscher a few miles on this side of it ; I was favoured with some old linen for the road. The good Theresa suffered unspeakably under these proceedings : the noble lady, her friend, had not been allowed to act according to the dictates of her own heart.

'Not till now did I feel wholly how miserable I was. Spurning at destiny, and hardening my heart, I entered on this journey. With the Frau von Fletscher too my abode was brief ; and by the first opportunity I returned to Dresden. There was still a possibility that my lodging might have been saved. With heavy heart I entered the city ; hastened to the place where I had lived, and found—a heap of ashes.'

Heyne took up his quarters in the vacant rooms of the Brühl Library. Some friends endeavoured to alleviate his distress ; but war and rumours of war continued to harass him, and drive him to and fro ; and his Theresa, afterwards also a fugitive, was now as poor as himself. She heeded little the loss of her property ; but inward sorrow and so many outward agitations preyed hard upon her ; in the winter she fell violently sick at Dresden, was given up by her physicians ; received extreme unction according to the rites of her church ; and was for some hours believed to be dead. Nature, how-

ever, again prevailed: a crisis had occurred in the mind as well as in the body; for with her first returning strength, Theresa declared her determination to renounce the Catholic, and publicly embrace the Protestant faith. Argument, representation of worldly disgrace and loss were unavailing: she could now, that all her friends were to be estranged, have little hope of being wedded to Heyne on earth; but she trusted that in another scene a like creed might unite them in a like destiny. He himself fell ill; and only escaped death by her nursing. Persisting the more in her purpose, she took priestly instruction, and on the 30th of May, in the Evangelical Schlosskirche, solemnly professed her new creed.

'Reverent admiration filled me,' says he, 'as I beheld the peace and stedfastness with which she executed her determination; and still more the courage with which she bore the consequences of it. She saw herself altogether cast out from her family; forsaken by her acquaintance, by every one; and by the fire deprived of all she had. Her courage exalted me to a higher duty, and admonished me to do mine. Imprudently I had, in former conversations, first awakened her religious scruples; the passion for me, which had so much increased her enthusiasm, increased her melancholy; even the secret thought of belonging more closely to me by sameness of belief had unconsciously influenced her. In a word, I formed the determination which could not but expose me to universal censure: helpless as I was, I united my destiny with hers. We were wedded at Ænsdorf, on the 4th of June 1761.'

This was a bold step, but a right one: Theresa, had now no stay but him; it behoved them to struggle, and if better might not be, to sink together. Theresa, in this narrative appears to us a noble, interesting being; noble not in sentiment only, but in action and suffering; a fair flower trodden down by misfortune, but yielding, like flowers, only the sweeter perfume for being crushed, and which it would have been a blessedness to raise up and cherish into free growth. Yet, in plain prose, we must question whether the two were happier than others in their union: both were quick of temper; she was all a heavenly light, he in good part a hard

terrestrial mass, which perhaps she could never wholly illuminate; the balance of the love seems to have lain much on her side. Nevertheless Heyne was a stedfast, true and kindly, if no ethereal man; he seems to have loved his wife honestly; and so, amid light and shadow, they made their pilgrimage together, if not better than other mortals, not worse, which was to have been feared.

Neither, for the present, did the pressure of distress weigh heavier on either than it had done before. He worked diligently, as he found scope, for his old Mecænases, the Booksellers; the war-clouds grew lighter, or at least the young pair better used to them; friends also were kind, often assisting and hospitably entertaining them. On occasion of one such visit to the family of a Herr von Löben, there occurred a little trait, which for the sake of Theresa must not be omitted. Heyne and she had spent some happy weeks with their infant, in this country-house, when the alarm of war drove the Von Löbens from their residence, which with the management of its concerns they left to Heyne. He says, he gained some notion of 'land-economy' hereby; and Heeren states that he had 'a candle-manufactory' to oversee. But to our incident:

'Soon after the departure of the family, there came upon us an irruption of Cossacks,—disguised Prussians, as we subsequently learned. After drinking to intoxication in the cellars, they set about plundering. Pursued by them, I ran up stairs, and no door being open but that of the room where my wife was with her infant, I rushed into it. She arose courageously, and placed herself, with the child on her arm, in the door against the robbers. This courage saved me, and the treasure which lay hidden in the chamber.'

"O thou lioness!" said Attila Schmelzle, on occasion of a similar rescue, "why hast thou never been in any deadly peril, that I might show thee the lion in thy husband?"

But better days were dawning. 'On our return to Dresden,' says Heyne, 'I learned that inquiries had been made after me from Hanover; I knew not for what reason.' The reason by and by came to light. Gessner, Professor of Eloquence in Göttingen, was dead; and a successor was wanted. These

things, it would appear, cause difficulties in Hanover, which in many other places are little felt. But the Prime Minister Münchhausen had as good as founded the Georgia Augusta himself; and he was wont to watch over it with singular anxiety. The noted and notorious Klotz was already there, as assistant to Gessner; 'but his beautiful latinity,' says Heeren, 'did not dazzle Münchhausen; Klotz, with his pugnacity, 'was not thought of.' The Minister applied to Ernesti for advice: Ernesti knew of no fit man in Germany; but recommended Rhunken of Leyden, or Saxe of Utrecht. Rhunken refused to leave his country, and added these words: 'But 'why do you seek out of Germany, what Germany itself offers 'you? Why not, for Gessner's successor, take Christian Gott-'lob Heyne, that true pupil of Ernesti, and man of fine talent '(*excellenti virum ingenio*), who has shown how much he 'knows of Latin literature by his Tibullus; of Greek, by his 'Epictetus? In my opinion, and that of the greatest Hem-'sterhuis (*Hemsterhusii τοῦ πάνυ*), Heyne is the only one that 'can replace your Gessner. Nor let any one tell me that 'Heyne's fame is not sufficiently illustrious and extended. 'Believe me, there is in this man such a richness of genius 'and learning, that ere long all Europe will ring with his 'praises.'

This courageous and generous verdict of Rhunken's in favour of a person as yet little known to the world, and to him known only by his writings, decided the matter. 'Münchhausen,' says our Heeren, 'believed in the boldly prophesying man.' Not without difficulty Heyne was unearthed; and after various excuses on account of competence on his part,—for he had lost all his books and papers in the siege of Dresden, and sadly forgotten his Latin and Greek in so many tumults,—and various prudential negotiations about dismission from the Saxon service, and salary and privilege in the Hanoverian, he at length formally received his appointment; and some three months after, in June 1763, settled in Göttingen, with an official income of eight hundred *thalers;* which, it appears, was by several additions, in the course of time, increased to twelve hundred.

Here then had Heyne at last got to land. His long life was henceforth as quiet, and fruitful in activity and comfort, as the past period of it had been desolate and full of sorrows. He never left Göttingen, though frequently invited to do so, and sometimes with highly tempting offers;[1] but continued in his place, busy in his vocation; growing in influence, in extent of connexion at home and abroad; till Rhunken's prediction might almost be reckoned fulfilled to the letter; for Heyne in his own department was without any equal in Europe.

However, his history from this point, even because it was so happy for himself, must lose most of its interest for the general reader. Heyne has now become a Professor, and a regularly progressive man of learning; has a fixed household, has rents and comings in; it is easy to fancy how that man might flourish in calm sunshine of prosperity, whom in adversity we saw growing in spite of every storm. Of his proceedings in Göttingen, his reform of the Royal Society of Sciences, his editing of the *Gelehrte Anzeigen* (Gazette of Learning), his exposition of the classics from Virgil to Pindar, his remodelling of the Library, his passive quarrels with Voss, his armed neutrality with Michaelis; of all this we must say little. The best fruit of his endeavours lies before the world, in a long series of Works, which among us, as well as elsewhere, are known and justly appreciated. On looking over them, the first thing that strikes us is astonishment at Heyne's diligence; which, considering the quantity and quality of his writings, might have appeared singular even in one who had been without other duties. Yet Heyne's office involved him in the most laborious researches: he wrote letters by the hundred to all parts of the world, and on all conceivable subjects; he had three classes to teach daily; he ap-

[1] He was invited successively to be Professor at Cassel, and at Klosterbergen; to be Librarian at Dresden; and, most flattering of all, to be *Prokanzler* in the University of Copenhagen, and virtual Director of Education over all Denmark. He had a struggle on this last occasion, but the Georgia Augusta again prevailed. Some increase of salary usually follows such refusals; it did not in this instance.

pointed professors, for his recommendation was all-powerful; superintended schools; for a long time the inspection of the *Freitische* was laid on him, and he had cooks' bills to settle, and hungry students to satisfy with his purveyance. Besides all which, he accomplished, in the way of publication, as follows:

In addition to his *Tibullus* and *Epictetus*, the first of which went through three, the second through two editions, each time with large extensions and improvements:

His Virgil (P. Virgilius Maro *Varietate Lectionis et perpetuâ Annotatione illustratus*), in various forms, from 1767 to 1803; no fewer than six editions.

His Pliny (*Ex* C. Plinii Secundi *Historiâ Naturali excerpta, quæ ad Artes spectant*); two editions, 1790, 1811.

His Apollodorus (Apollodori *Atheniensis Bibliothecæ Libri tres*, &c.); two editions, 1787, 1803.

His Pindar (Pindari *Carmina, cum Lectionis Varietate, curavit* Ch. G. H.); three editions, 1774, 1797, 1798, the last with the Scholia, the Fragments, a Translation, and Hermann's Inq. *De Metris*.

His Conon and Parthenius (Cononis *Narrationes, et* Parthenii *Narrationes amatoriæ*), 1798.

And lastly his Homer (Homeri Ilias, *cum brevi Annotatione*); 8 volumes, 1802; and a second, contracted edition, in 2 volumes, 1804.

Next, almost a cartload of Translations; of which we shall mention only his version, said to be with very important improvements, of our *Universal History* by Guthrie and Gray.

Then some ten or twelve thick volumes of Prolusions, Eulogies, Essays; treating of all subjects, from the French Directorate to the *Chest of Cypselus*. Of these, Six Volumes are known in a separate shape, under the title of *Opuscula;* and contain some of Heyne's most valuable writings.

And lastly, to crown the whole with one most surprising item, seven thousand five hundred (Heeren says from seven to eight thousand) Reviews of Books, in the Göttingen *Gelehrte Anzeigen*. Shame on us degenerate Editors! Here of itself was work for a lifetime!

To expect that elegance of composition should prevail in these multifarious performances were unreasonable enough. Heyne wrote very indifferent German ; and his Latin, by much the more common vehicle in his learned works, flowed from him with a copiousness which could not be Ciceronian. At the same time, these volumes are not the folios of a Montfaucon, not mere classical ore and slag, but regularly smelted metal ; for most part exhibiting the essence, and only the essence, of very great research ; and enlightened by a philosophy which, if it does not always wisely order its results, has looked far and deeply in collecting them.

To have performed so much, evinces on the part of Heyne no little mastership in the great art of husbanding time. Heeren gives us sufficient details on this subject ; explains Heyne's adjustment of his hours and various occupations : how he rose at five o'clock, and worked all the day, and all the year, with the regularity of a steeple clock ; nevertheless, how patiently he submitted to interruptions from strangers, or extraneous business ; how briefly, yet smoothly, he contrived to despatch such interruptions ; how his letters were indorsed when they came to hand ; and lay in a special drawer till they were answered ; nay we have a description of his whole 'locality,' his bureau and book-shelves and portfolios, his very bed and strongbox are not forgotten. To the busy man, especially the busy man of letters, these details are far from uninteresting ; if we judge by the result, many of Heyne's arrangements might seem worthy not of notice only, but of imitation.

His domestic circumstances continued, on the whole, highly favourable for such activity ; though not now more than formerly were they exempted from the common lot ; but still had several hard changes to encounter. In 1775, he lost his Theresa, after long ill-health ; an event which, stoic as he was, struck heavily and dolefully on his heart. He forebore not to shed some natural tears, though from eyes little used to the melting mood. Nine days after her death, he thus writes to a friend, with a solemn mournful tenderness, which none of us will deny to be genuine :

'I have looked upon the grave that covers the remains of my Theresa: what a thousandfold pang, beyond the pitch of human feeling, pierced through my soul! How did my limbs tremble as I approached this holy spot! Here, then, reposes what is left of the dearest that Heaven gave me; among the dust of her four children she sleeps. A sacred horror covered the place. I should have sunk altogether in my sorrow, had it not been for my two daughters that were standing on the outside of the churchyard; I saw their faces over the wall, directed to me with anxious fear. This called me to myself; I hastened in sadness from the spot where I could have continued forever: where it cheered me to think that one day I should rest by her side; rest from all the carking care, from all the griefs which so often have embittered to me the enjoyment of life. Alas! among these griefs must I reckon even her love, the strongest, truest, that ever inspired the heart of woman, which made me the happiest of mortals, and yet was a fountain to me of a thousand distresses, inquietudes and cares. To entire cheerfulness perhaps she never attained; but for what unspeakable sweetness, for what exalted enrapturing joys, is not Love indebted to Sorrow? Amidst gnawing anxieties, with the torture of anguish in my heart, I have been made even by the love which caused me this anguish, these anxieties, inexpressibly happy! When tears flowed over our cheeks, did not a nameless, seldom-felt delight stream through my breast, oppressed equally by joy and by sorrow!'

But Heyne was not a man to brood over past griefs, or linger long where nothing was to be done but mourn. In a short time, according to a good old plan of his, having reckoned up his grounds of sorrow, he fairly wrote down on paper, over against them, his 'grounds of consolation;' concluding with these pious words, 'So for all these sorrows too, 'these trials, do I thank thee, my God! And now, glorified 'friend, will I again turn me with undivided heart to my 'duty; thou thyself smilest approval on me!' Nay, it was not many months before a new marriage came on the anvil; in which matter, truly, Heyne conducted himself with the most philosophic indifference; leaving his friends, by whom the project had been started, to bring it to what issue they pleased. It was a scheme concerted by Zimmermann (the

author of *Solitude*, a man little known to Heyne), and one Reich, a Leipsic Bookseller, who had met at the Pyrmont Baths. Brandes, the Hanoverian Minister, successor of Münchhausen in the management of the University concerns, was there also with a daughter; upon her the projectors cast their eye. Heyne, being consulted, seems to have comported himself like clay in the hands of the potter; father and fair one, in like manner, were of a compliant humour, and thus was the business achieved; and on the 9th of April, 1777, Heyne could take home a bride, won with less difficulty than most men have in choosing a pair of boots. Nevertheless, she proved an excellent wife to him; kept his house in the cheerfullest order; managed her step-children and her own like a true mother; and loved, and faithfully assisted her husband in whatever he undertook. Considered in his private relations, such a man might well reckon himself fortunate.

In addition to Heyne's claims as a scholar and teacher Heeren would have us regard him as an unusually expert man of business and negotiator; for which line of life he himself seems, indeed, to have thought that his talent was more peculiarly fitted. In proof of this, we have long details of his procedure in managing the Library, the Royal Society, the University generally, and his incessant and often rather complex correspondence with Münchhausen, Brandes, or other ministers who presided over this department. Without detracting from Heyne's skill in such matters, what struck us more in this narrative of Heeren's was the singular contrast which the 'Georgia Augusta,' in its interior arrangement, as well as its external relations to the Government, exhibits with our own Universities. The prime minister of the country writes thrice weekly to the director of an institution for learning! He oversees all; knows the character, not only of every professor, but of every pupil that gives any promise. He is continually purchasing books, drawings, models; treating for this or the other help or advantage to the establishment. He has his eye over all Germany; and nowhere does a man of any decided talent show himself, but he strains every nerve to acquire him. And seldom even can he suc-

ceed ; for the Hanoverian assiduity seems nothing singular ; every state in Germany has its minister for education, as well as Hanover. They correspond, they inquire, they negotiate ; everywhere there seems a canvassing, less for places, than for the best men to fill them. Heyne himself has his Seminarium, a private class of the nine most distinguished students in the University ; these he trains with all diligence, and is in due time most probably enabled, by his connexions, to place in stations fit for them. A hundred and thirty-five professors are said to have been sent from this Seminarium during his presidency. These things we state without commentary : we believe that the experience of all English and Scotch and Irish University-men will, of itself, furnish one. The state of education in Germany, and the structure of the establishments for conducting it, seems to us one of the most promising inquiries that could at this moment be entered on.

But to return to Heyne. We have said, that in his private circumstances he might reckon himself fortunate. His public relations, on a more splendid scale, continued, to the last, to be of the same happy sort. By degrees, he had risen to be, both in name and office, the chief man of his establishment ; his character stood high with the learned of all countries ; and the best fruit of external reputation, increased respect in his own circle, was not denied to him. The burghers of Göttingen, so fond of their University, could not but be proud of Heyne ; nay, as the time passed on, they found themselves laid under more than one specific obligation to him. He remodelled and reanimated their Gymnasium (Town-School), as he had before done that of Ilfeld ; and what was still more important, in the rude times of the French War, by his skilful application, he succeeded in procuring from Napoleon, not only a protection for the University, but immunity from hostile invasion for the whole district it stands in. Nay, so happily were matters managed, or so happily did they turn of their own accord, that Göttingen rather gained than suffered by the War : under Jerome of Westphalia, not only were all benefices punctually paid, but improvements even were effected ; among other things, a new and very handsome extension, which had long

been desired, was built for the Library, at the charge of Government. To all these claims for public regard, add Heyne's now venerable age, and we can fancy how, among his townsmen and fellow-collegians, he must have been cherished, nay almost worshipped. Already had the magistracy, by a special act, freed him from all public assessments; but, in 1809, on his eightieth birthday, came a still more emphatic testimony; for Ritter Franz, and all the public Boards, and the Faculties *in corpore*, came to him in procession with good wishes; and students reverenced him; and young ladies sent him garlands, stitched together by their own fair fingers; in short, Göttingen was a place of jubilee; and good old Heyne, who nowise affected, yet could not dislike these things, was among the happiest of men.

In another respect we must also reckon him fortunate: that he lived till he had completed all his undertakings; and then departed peacefully, and without sickness, from which, indeed, his whole life had been remarkably free. Three months before his death, in April, 1812, he saw the last Volume of his Works in print; and rejoiced, it is said, with an affecting thankfulness, that so much had been granted him. Length of life was not now to be hoped for; neither did Heyne look forward to the end with apprehension. His little German verses, and Latin translations, composed in sleepless nights, at this extreme period, are, to us, by far the most touching part of his poetry; so melancholy is the spirit of them, yet so mild; solemn, not without a shade of sadness, yet full of pious resignation. At length came the end; soft and gentle as his mother could have wished it for him. The 11th of July was a public day in the Royal Society; Heyne did his part in it; spoke at large, and with even more clearness and vivacity than usual.

'Next day,' says Heeren, 'was Sunday: I saw him in the evening for the last time. He was resting in his chair, exhausted by the fatigue of yesterday. On Monday morning, he once more entered his class-room, and held his Seminarium. In the afternoon he prepared his letters, domestic as well as foreign; among the latter, one on business; sealed them all

but one, written in Latin, to Professor Thorlacius in Copenhagen, which I found open, but finished, on his desk. At supper (none but his elder daughter was with him) he talked cheerfully; and, at his usual time, retired to rest. In the night, the servant girl, that slept under his apartment, heard him walking up and down; a common practice with him when he could not sleep. However, he had again gone to bed. Soon after five, he arose, as usual; he joked with the girl when she asked him how he had been overnight. She left him to make ready his coffee, as was her wont; and, returning with it in a short quarter of an hour, she found him sunk down before his washing-stand, close by his work table. His hands were wet; at the moment when he had been washing them, had death taken him into his arms. One breath more, and he ceased to live: when the hastening doctor opened a vein, no blood would flow.'

Heyne was interred with all public solemnities: and, in epicedial language, it may be said, without much exaggeration, that his country mourned for him. At Chemnitz, his birthplace, there assembled, under constituted authority, a grand meeting of the magnates, to celebrate his memory; the old school-album, in which the little ragged boy had inscribed his name, was produced; grandiloquent speeches were delivered; and 'in the afternoon, many hundreds went to see the poor cottage' where his father had weaved, and he starved and learned. How generous!

To estimate Heyne's intellectual character, to fix accurately his rank and merits as a critic and philologer, we cannot but consider as beyond our province, and at any rate superfluous here. By the general consent of the learned in all countries, he seems to be acknowledged as the first among recent scholars; his immense reading, his lynx-eyed skill in exposition and emendation are no longer anywhere controverted; among ourselves his taste in these matters has been praised by Gibbon, and by Parr pronounced to be 'exquisite.' In his own country, Heyne is even regarded as the founder of a new epoch in classical study; as the first who with any decisiveness attempted to translate fairly beyond the letter of the classics; to read in the writings of the Ancients, not their

language alone, or even their detached opinions and records, but their spirit and character, their way of life and thought; how the World and Nature painted themselves to the mind in those old ages; how, in one word, the Greeks and the Romans were men, even as we are. Such of our readers as have studied any one of Heyne's works, or even looked carefully into the *Lectures* of the Schlegels, the most ingenious and popular commentators of that school, will be at no loss to understand what we mean.

By his inquiries into antiquity, especially by his laboured investigation of its politics and its mythology, Heyne is believed to have carried the torch of philosophy towards, if not into, the mysteries of old time. What Winkelmann, his great contemporary, did, or began to do, for ancient Plastic Art, the other, with equal success, began for ancient Literature.[1] A high praise, surely; yet, as we must think, one not unfounded, and which, indeed, in all parts of Europe, is becoming more and more confirmed.

So much, in the province to which he devoted his activity, is Heyne allowed to have accomplished. Nevertheless, we must not assert that, in point of understanding and spiritual endowment, he can be called a great, or even, in strict speech, a complete man. Wonderful perspicuity, unwearied diligence, are not denied him; but to philosophic order, to classical ad-

[1] It is a curious fact, that these two men, so singularly correspondent in their early sufferings, subsequent distinction, line of study, and rugged enthusiasm of character, were at one time, while both as yet were under the horizon, brought into partial contact. 'An acquaintance 'of another sort,' says Heeren, 'the young Heyne was to make in the 'Brühl Library; with a person whose importance he could not then an-'ticipate. One frequent visitor of this establishment was a certain al-'most wholly unknown man, whose visits could not be specially desir-'able for the librarians, such endless labour did he cost them. He 'seemed insatiable in reading; and called for so many books that his re-'ception there grew rather of the coolest. It was *Johann Winkelmann*. 'Meditating his journey for Italy, he was then laying-in preparation for 'it. Thus did these two men become, if not confidential, yet acquainted; 'who at that time, both still in darkness and poverty, could little sup-'pose, that in a few years they were to be the teachers of cultivated Eu-'rope and the ornaments of their nation.'

justment, clearness, polish, whether in word or thought, he seldom attains; nay many times, it must be avowed, he involves himself in tortuous longwinded verbosities, and stands before us little better than one of that old school which his admirers boast that he displaced. He appears, we might also say, as if he had wings but could not well use them. Or, indeed, it might be that, writing constantly in a dead language, he came to write heavily; working forever on subjects where learned armour-at-all-points cannot be dispensed with, he at last grew so habituated to his harness that he would not walk abroad without it; nay perhaps it had rusted together, and *could* not be unclasped! A sad fate for a thinker! Yet one which threatens many commentators, and overtakes many.

As a man encrusted and encased, he exhibits himself, moreover, to a certain degree, in his moral character. Here too, as in his intellect, there is an awkwardness, a cumbrous inertness; nay, there is a show of dulness, of hardness, which nowise intrinsically belongs to him. He passed, we are told, for less religious, less affectionate, less enthusiastic than he was. His heart, one would think, had no free course, or had found itself a secret one; outwardly he stands before us cold and still, a very wall of rock; yet within lay a well, from which, as we have witnessed, the stroke of some Moses'-wand (the death of a Theresa) could draw streams of pure feeling. Callous as the man seems to us, he has a sense for all natural beauty; a merciful sympathy for his fellow-men: his own early distresses never left his memory; for similar distresses his pity and help were, at all times, in store. This form of character may also be the fruit partly of his employments, partly of his sufferings, and perhaps is not very singular among commentators.

For the rest, Heeren assures us, that in practice Heyne was truly a good man; altogether just; diligent in his own honest business, and ever ready to forward that of others; compassionate; though quick-tempered, placable; friendly, and satisfied with simple pleasures. He delighted in roses, and always kept a bouquet of them in water on his desk. His

house was embowered among roses; and in his old days he used to wander through the bushes with a pair of scissors. 'Farther,' says Heeren, 'in spite of his short sight, he was fond of the fields and skies, and could lie for hours reading on the grass.' A kindly old man! With strangers, hundreds of whom visited him, he was uniformly courteous; though latterly, being a little hard of hearing, less fit to converse. In society he strove much to be polite; but had a habit (which ought to be general) of yawning, when people spoke to him and said nothing.

On the whole, the Germans have some reason to be proud of Heyne: who shall deny that they have here once more produced a scholar of the right old stock; a man to be ranked, for honesty of study and of life, with the Scaligers, the Bentleys, and old illustrious men, who, though covered with academic dust and harsh with polyglot vocables, were true men of endeavour, and fought like giants, with such weapons as they had, for the good cause? To ourselves, we confess, Heyne, highly interesting for what he did, is not less but more so for what he was. This is another of the proofs, which minds like his are from time to time sent hither to give, that the man is not the product of his circumstances, but that, in a far higher degree, the circumstances are the product of the man. While beneficed clerks and other sleek philosophers, reclining on their cushions of velvet, are demonstrating that to make a scholar and man of taste, there must be coöperation of the upper classes, society of gentlemen-commoners, and an income of four hundred a-year;—arises the son of a Chemnitz weaver, and with the very wind of his stroke sweeps them from the scene. Let no man doubt the omnipotence of Nature, doubt the majesty of man's soul; let no lonely unfriended son of genius despair! Let him not despair; if he have the will, the right will, then the power also has not been denied him. It is but the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens. The acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself, it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years.

GERMAN PLAYWRIGHTS.

GERMAN PLAYWRIGHTS.

Comparative estimation of the playwright, millwright and cartwright. England not so successful in the first species of carpentry as in the other two The Playwrights of Germany a strong triumphant body: Interest in the Drama taking the place of interest in Politics. The world of pasteboard, and the world of fact The study of German literature, like all other earthly undertakings, has its negative as well as its positive side. The German Parnassus. Ill-fated Kotzebue, lifted up by the hollow balloon of popular applause. Melancholy end of all windbags. (p. 43).—Grillparzer, Klingemann and Müllner, may stand as representatives of the Playwrights of Germany. Grillparzer, not without reluctance, named under the head of Playwrights: Might have done good service in some prose or small-poem department Tricks of the trade: The public a dim-eyed animal, gullible to almost all lengths. Of Grillparzer's peculiar knacks, not very much to be said: His worst Play, the *Ahnfrau;* a deep tragedy of the Castle-Spectre sort. *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*, a much more innocent piece, full of action, though without any discernible coherence. Agglomeration is not creation, and avails little in Literature King Ottokar's soliloquy in the last of his fields. A charitable hope for better things. (48).—Dr. Klingemann one of the most indisputable Playwrights now extant. His materials chiefly rosin, oil-paper, vizards, scarlet drapery and gunpowder. The compound nowise unpleasant: If any man wish to amuse himself rationally, here is ware for his money. *Ahasuer*, the Wandering Jew. *Faust*, and his melodramatic contract with the Devil: A few scenes, showing how Faust was carried off in thunder, lightning and blue fire. Dr. Klingemann, a bold perpendicular Playwright, entirely contented with himself and his handicraft. (56).—Dr. Müllner supreme over all Playwrights: Might have made a very pretty Lawyer, but to set up for a Poet a different enterprise. Ever tempting us with some hope that here is a touch of Poetry; and ever disappointing us with an expanse of pure Prose. (67). Müllner's one recipe for play-making borrowed from Zacharias Werner: A pettifogging sheriff's-officer principle of Fate, the raw material of his whole tragedy-goods. The Greek idea of Fate, a lofty and consistent hypothesis. Dr. Müllner's Fate-tenet totally incredible even to himself: a mere craftsman's trick. His abilities and performances as a journalist: German editorial squabbles. The duty of Foreign Reviewers twofold: What to be welcomed; and what to be rejected. Let every one be active for himself. (72).

GERMAN PLAYWRIGHTS.[1]

[1829.]

In this stage of society the playwright is as essential and acknowledged a character as the millwright, or cartwright, or any other wright whatever; neither can we see why, in general estimation, he should rank lower than these his brother artisans, except perhaps for this one reason: that the former working in timber and iron, for the wants of the body, produce a completely suitable machine; while the latter, working in thought and feeling, for the wants of the soul, produces a machine which is *in*completely suitable. In other respects, we confess we cannot perceive that the balance lies against him: for no candid man, as it seems to us, will doubt but the talent which constructed a *Virginius* or a *Bertram*, might have sufficed, had it been properly directed, to make not only wheelbarrows and waggons, but even mills of con-

[1] Foreign Review, No. 6.—1. *Die Ahnfrau* (The Ancestress). A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. Grillparzer. Fourth Edition. Vienna, 1823.

König Ottokars Glück und Ende (King Ottocar's Fortune and End). A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. Grillparzer. Vienna, 1825.

Sappho. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. Grillparzer. Third Edition. Vienna, 1822.

2. *Faust.* A Tragedy, in five Acts. By August Klingemann. Leipsig and Altenburg, 1815.

Ahasuer. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By August Klingemann. Brunswick, 1827.

3. *Müllners Dramatische Werke. Erste rechtmässige, vollständige und vom Verfasser verbesserte Gesammt-Ausgabe.* (Müllner's Dramatic Works. First legal collective Edition, complete and revised by the Author). 7 vols. Brunswick, 1828.

siderable complicacy. However, if the public is niggardly to the playwright in one point, it must be proportionably liberal in another; according to Adam Smith's observation, that trades which are reckoned less reputable have higher money wages. Thus, one thing compensating the other, the playwright may still realise an existence; as, in fact, we find that he does: for playwrights were, are and probably will always be; unless, indeed, in process of years, the whole dramatic concern be finally abandoned by mankind; or, as in the case of our Punch and Mathews, every player becoming his own playwright, this trade may merge in the other and older one.

The British nation has its own playwrights, several of them cunning men in their craft: yet here, it would seem, this sort of carpentry does not flourish; at least, not with that pre-eminent vigour which distinguishes most other branches of our national industry. In hardware and cotton goods, in all sorts of chemical, mechanical, or other material processes, England outstrips the world; nay, in many departments of literary manufacture also, as, for instance, in the fabrication of Novels, she may safely boast herself peerless: but in the matter of the Drama, to whatever cause it be owing, she can claim no such superiority. In theatrical produce she yields considerably to France; and is, out of sight, inferior to Germany. Nay, do not we English hear daily, for the last twenty years, that the Drama is dead, or in a state of suspended animation; and are not medical men sitting on the case, and propounding their remedial appliances, weekly, monthly, quarterly, to no manner of purpose? Whilst in Germany the Drama is not only, to all appearance, alive, but in the very flush and heyday of superabundant strength; indeed, as it were, still only sowing its first wild oats! For if the British Playwrights seem verging to ruin, and our Knowleses, Maturins, Shiels and Shees stand few and comparatively forlorn, like firs on an Irish bog, the Playwrights of Germany are a strong, triumphant body; so numerous that it has been calculated, in case of war, a regiment of foot might be raised, in which, from the colonel down to the

drummer, every officer and private sentinel might show his drama or dramas.

To investigate the origin of so marked a superiority would lead us beyond our purpose. Doubtless the proximate cause must lie in a superior demand for the article of dramas; which superior demand again may arise either from the climate of Germany, as Montesquieu might believe; or perhaps more naturally and immediately from the political condition of that country; for man is not only a working but a talking animal, and where no Catholic Questions, and Parliamentary Reforms, and Select Vestries are given him to discuss in his leisure hours, he is glad to fall upon plays or players, or whatever comes to hand, whereby to fence himself a little against the inroads of Ennui. Of the fact, at least, that such a superior demand for dramas exists in Germany, we have only to open a newspaper to find proof. Is not every *Litteraturblatt* and *Kunstblatt* stuffed to bursting with theatricals? Nay, has not the 'able Editor' established correspondents in every capital city of the civilised world, who report to him on this one matter and on no other? For, be our curiosity what it may, let us have profession of 'intelligence from Munich,' 'intelligence from Vienna,' 'intelligence from Berlin,' is it intelligence of anything but of greenroom controversies and negotiations, of tragedies and operas and farces acted and to be acted? Not of men, and their doings, by hearth and hall, in the firm earth; but of mere effigies and shells of men, and their doings in the world of pasteboard, do these unhappy correspondents write. Unhappy we call them; for, with all our tolerance of playwrights, we cannot but think that there are limits, and very strait ones, within which their activity should be restricted. Here in England, our 'theatrical reports' are nuisance enough; and many persons who love their life, and therefore 'take care of their time, which is the stuff life is made of,' regularly lose several columns of their weekly newspaper in that way: but our case is pure luxury, compared with that of the Germans, who instead of a measurable and sufferable spicing of theatric matter, are obliged, metaphorically speaking, to breakfast and dine on it; have in fact noth-

ing else to live on but that highly unnutritive victual. We ourselves are occasional readers of German newspapers ; and have often, in the spirit of Christian humanity, meditated presenting to the whole body of German editors a project,— which, however, must certainly have ere now occurred to themselves, and for some reason been found inapplicable : it was, to address these correspondents of theirs, all and sundry, in plain language, and put the question, Whether, on studiously surveying the Universe from their several stations, there was nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, *nothing* visible but this one business, or rather shadow of business, that had an interest for the minds of men ? If the correspondents still answered that nothing was visible, then of course they must be left to continue in this strange state ; prayers, at the same time, being put up for them in all churches.

However, leaving every able Editor to fight his own battle, we address ourselves to the task in hand : meaning here to inquire a very little into the actual state of the dramatic trade in Germany, and exhibit some detached features of it to the consideration of our readers. For, seriously speaking, low as the province may be, it is a real, active and ever-enduring province of the literary republic ; nor can the pursuit of many men, even though it be a profitless and foolish pursuit, ever be without claim to some attention from us, either in the way of furtherance or of censure and correction. Our avowed object is to promote the sound study of Foreign Literature ; which study, like all other earthly undertakings, has its negative as well as its positive side. We have already, as occasion served, borne testimony to the merits of various German poets ; and must now say a word on certain German poetasters ; hoping that it may be chiefly a regard to the former which has made us take even this slight notice of the latter : for the bad is in itself of no value, and only worth describing lest it be mistaken for the good. At the same time, let no reader tremble, as if we meant to overwhelm him, on this occasion, with a whole mountain of dramatic lumber, poured forth in torrents, like shot rubbish, from the play-

house garrets, where it is mouldering and evaporating into nothing, silently and without harm to any one. Far be this from us! Nay, our own knowledge of this subject is in the highest degree limited; and, indeed, to exhaust it, or attempt discussing it with scientific precision, would be an impossible enterprise. What man is there that could assort the whole furniture of Milton's *Limbo of Vanity;* or where is the Hallam that would undertake to write us the Constitutional History of a Rookery? Let the courteous reader take heart, then; for he is in hands that will not, nay what is more, that cannot, do him much harm. One brief shy glance into this huge bivouac of Playwrights, all sawing and planing with such tumult; and we leave it, probably for many years.

The German Parnassus, as one of its own denizens remarks, has a rather broad summit; yet only two Dramatists are reckoned, within the last century, to have mounted thither: Schiller and Goethe; if we are not, on the strength of his *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Emilie Galotti*, to account Lessing also of the number. On the slope of the Mountain may be found a few stragglers of the same brotherhood; among these, Tieck and Maler Müller, firmly enough stationed at considerable elevations; while far below appear various honest persons climbing vehemently, but against precipices of loose sand, to whom we wish all speed. But the reader will understand that the bivouac we speak of, and are about to enter, lies not on the declivity of the Hill at all; but on the level ground close to the foot of it; the essence of a Playwright being that he works not in Poetry, but in Prose which more or less cunningly resembles it. And here, pausing for a moment, the reader observes that he is in a civilised country; for see, on the very boundary-line of Parnassus, rises a gallows with the figure of a man hung in chains! It is the figure of August von Kotzebue; and has swung there for many years, as a warning to all too-audacious Playwrights; who nevertheless, as we see, pay little heed to it. Ill-fated Kotzebue, once the darling of theatrical Europe! This was the prince of all Playwrights, and could manufacture Plays with a speed and felicity surpassing even Edinburgh Novels. For his muse,

like other doves, hatched twins in the month ; and the world gazed on them with an admiration too deep for mere words. What is all past or present popularity to this? Were not these Plays translated into almost every language of articulate-speaking men ; acted, at least, we may literally say, in every theatre from Kamtschatka to Cadiz? Nay, did they not melt the most obdurate hearts in all countries; and, like the music of Orpheus, draw tears down iron cheeks? We ourselves have known the flintiest men, who professed to have wept over them, for the first time in their lives. So was it twenty years ago ; how stands it to-day? Kotzebue, lifted up on the hollow balloon of popular applause, thought wings had been given him that he might ascend to the Immortals: gay he rose, soaring, sailing, as with supreme dominion ; but in the rarer azure deep, his windbag burst asunder, or the arrows of keen archers pierced it; and so at last we find him a compound-pendulum, vibrating in the character of scarecrow, to guard from forbidden fruit! O ye Playwrights, and literary quacks of every feather, weep over Kotzebue, and over yourselves! Know that the loudest roar of the million is not fame ; that the windbag, are ye mad enough to mount it, *will* burst, or be shot through with arrows, and your bones too shall act as scarecrows.

But, quitting this idle allegorical vein, let us at length proceed in plain English, and as beseems mere prose Reviewers to the work laid out for us. Among the hundreds of German Dramatists, as they are called, three individuals, already known to some British readers, and prominent from all the rest in Germany, may fitly enough stand here as representatives of the whole Playwright class ; whose various craft and produce the procedure of these three may in some small degree serve to illustrate. Of Grillparzer, therefore, and Klingemann, and Müllner, in their order.

Franz Grillparzer seems to be an Austrian ; which country is reckoned nowise fertile in poets ; a circumstance that may perhaps have contributed a little to his own rather rapid celebrity. Our more special acquaintance with Grillparzer is of

very recent date ; though his name and samples of his ware have for some time been hung out, in many British and foreign Magazines, often with testimonials which might have beguiled less timeworn customers. Neither, after all, have we found these testimonials falser than others such are, but rather not so false ; for, indeed, Grillparzer is a most inoffensive man, nay positively rather meritorious ; nor is it without reluctance that we name him under this head of Playwrights, and not under that of Dramatists, which he aspires to. Had the law with regard to mediocre poets relaxed itself since Horace's time, all had been well with Grillparzer ; for undoubtedly there *is* a small vein of tenderness and grace running through him ; a seeming modesty also, and real love of his art, which gives promise of better things. But gods and men and columns are still equally rigid in that unhappy particular of mediocrity, even pleasing mediocrity ; and no scene or line is yet known to us of Grillparzer's which exhibits anything more. *Non concessere*, therefore, is his sentence for the present ; and the louder his well-meaning admirers extol him, the more emphatically should it be pronounced and repeated. Nevertheless Grillparzer's claim to the title of Playwright is perhaps more his misfortune than his crime. Living in a country where the Drama engrosses so much attention, he has been led into attempting it, without any decisive qualification for such an enterprise ; and so his allotment of talent, which might have done good service in some prose department, or even in the sonnet, elegy, song or other outlying province of Poetry, is driven, as it were, in spite of fate, to write Plays ; which, though regularly divided into scenes and separate speeches, are essentially monological ; and though swarming with characters, too often express only one character, and that no very extraordinary one,—the character of Franz Grillparzer himself. What is an increase of misfortune too, he has met with applause in this career ; which therefore he is likely to follow farther and farther, let nature and his stars say to it what they will.

The characteristic of a Playwright is, that he writes in Prose ; which Prose he palms, probably first on himself and

then on the simpler part of the public, for Poetry: and the manner in which he effects this legerdemain constitutes his specific distinction, fixes the species to which he belongs in the genus Playwright. But it is a universal feature of him that he attempts, by prosaic, and as it were mechanical means to accomplish an end which, except by poetical genius, is absolutely not to be accomplished. For the most part, he has some knack, or trick of the trade, which by close inspection can be detected, and so the heart of his mystery be seen into. He may have one trick, or many; and the more cunningly he can disguise these, the more perfect is he as a craftsman; for were the public once to penetrate into this his sleight-of-hand, it were all over with him,—Othello's occupation were gone. No conjurer, when we once understand his method of fire-eating, can any longer pass for a true thaumaturgist, or even entertain us in his proper character of quack, though he should eat Mount Vesuvius itself. But happily for Playwrights and others, the public is a dim-eyed animal; gullible to almost all lengths,—nay, which often seems to prefer being gulled.

Of Grillparzer's peculiar knack and recipe for play-making, there is not very much to be said. He seems to have tried various kinds of recipes, in his time; and, to his credit be it spoken, seems little contented with any of them. By much the worst play of his, that we have seen, is the *Ahnfrau* (Ancestress); a deep tragedy of the Castle-Spectre sort; the whole mechanism of which was discernible and condemnable at a single glance. It is nothing but the old story of Fate; an invisible Nemesis visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation; a method almost as common and sovereign in German Art, at this day, as the method of steam is in British mechanics; and of which we shall anon have more occasion to speak. In his Preface, Grillparzer endeavours to palliate or deny the fact of his being a *Schicksal-Dichter* (Fate-Tragedian); but to no purpose; for it is a fact grounded on the testimony of the seven senses: however, we are glad to observe that, with this one trial, he seems to have abandoned the Fate-line, and taken into better,

at least into different ones. With regard to the *Ahnfrau* itself, we may remark that few things struck us so much as this little observation of Count Borotin's, occurring in the middle of the dismallest night-thoughts, so unexpectedly, as follows:

BERTHA.

* * * * *

Und der Himmel, sternelos,
Starrt aus leeren Augenhohlen
In das ungeheure Grab
Schwarz herab!

GRAF.

Wie sich doch die Stunden dehnen!
Was ist wohl die Glocke, Bertha?

BERTHA (*is just condoling with him, in these words*):—

* * * * *

And the welkin, starless,
Glares from empty eye-holes,
Black, down on that boundless grave!

COUNT.

How the hours do linger!
What o'clock is't, prithee Bertha?

A more delicate turn, we venture to say, is rarely to be met with in tragic dialogue. As to the story of the *Ahnfrau*, it is, naturally enough, of the most heart-rending description. This Ancestress is a lady, or rather the ghost of a lady, for she has been defunct some centuries, who in life had committed what we call an 'indiscretion;' which indiscretion the unpolite husband punished, one would have thought sufficiently, by running her through the body. However, the *Schicksal* of Grillparzer does not think it sufficient; but farther dooms the fair penitent to walk as goblin, till the last branch of her family be extinct. Accordingly she is heard, from time to time, slamming doors and the like, and now and then seen with dreadful goggle-eyes and other ghost-appurtenances, to the terror not only of servant people, but of old

Count Borotin, her now sole male descendant, whose afternoon nap she, on one occasion, cruelly disturbs. This Count Borotin is really a worthy prosing old gentleman; only he had a son long ago drowned in a fishpond (body not found); and has still a highly accomplished daughter, whom there is none offering to wed, except one Jaromir, a person of unknown extraction, and to all appearance of the lightest purse; nay, as it turns out afterwards, actually the head of a Banditti establishment, which had long infested the neighbouring forests. However, a Captain of foot arrives at this juncture, utterly to root out these Robbers; and now the strangest things come to light. For who should this Jaromir prove to be but poor old Borotin's drowned son; not drowned, but stolen and bred up by these Outlaws; the brother, therefore, of his intended; a most truculent fellow, who fighting for his life unwittingly kills his own father, and drives his bride to poison herself; in which wise, as was also Giles Scroggins' case, he 'cannot get married.' The reader sees, all this is not to be accomplished without some jarring and tumult. In fact, there is a frightful uproar everywhere throughout that night; robbers dying, musketry discharging, women shrieking, men swearing, and the Ahnfrau herself emerging at intervals, as the genius of the whole discord. But time and hours bring relief, as they always do. Jaromir in the long-run likewise succeeds in dying; whereupon the whole Borotin lineage having gone to the Devil, the Ancestress also retires thither,—at least makes the upper world rid of her presence; and the piece ends in deep stillness. Of this poor Ancestress we shall only say farther: Wherever she be, *requiescat! requiescat!*

As we mentioned above, the Fate-method of manufacturing tragic emotion seems to have yielded Grillparzer himself little contentment; for after this *Ahnfrau*, we hear no more of it. His *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (King Ottokar's Fortune and End) is a much more innocent piece, and proceeds in quite a different strain; aiming to subdue us not by old-women's fables of Destiny, but by the accumulated splendour of thrones and principalities, the cruel or magnani-

mous pride of Austrian Emperors and Bohemian conquerors, the wit of chivalrous courtiers, and beautiful but shrewish queens; the whole set-off by a proper intermixture of coronation-ceremonies, Hungarian dresses, whiskered halberdiers, alarms of battle, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. There is even some attempt at delineating character in this Play: certain of the *dramatis personæ* are evidently meant to differ from certain others, not in dress and name only, but in nature and mode of being; so much indeed they repeatedly assert, or hint, and do their best to make good,—unfortunately, however, with very indifferent success. In fact, these *dramatis personæ* are rubrics and titles rather than persons; for most part, mere theatrical automata, with only a mechanical existence. The truth of the matter is, Grillparzer cannot communicate a poetic life to any character or object; and in this, were it in no other way, he evinces the intrinsically prosaic nature of his talent. These personages of his have, in some instances, a certain degree of metaphysical truth; that is to say, one portion of their structure, psychologically viewed, corresponds with the other;—so far all is well enough: but to unite these merely scientific and inanimate *qualities* into a living *man* is work not for a Playwright, but for a Dramatist. Nevertheless, *König Ottokar* is comparatively a harmless tragedy. It is full of action, striking enough, though without any discernible coherence; and with so much both of flirting and fighting, with so many weddings, funerals, processions, encampments, it must be, we should think, if the tailor and decorationist do their duty, a very comfortable piece to see acted; especially on the Vienna boards, where it has a national interest, Rodolph of Hapsburg being a main personage in it.

The model of this *Ottokar* we imagine to have been Schiller's *Piccolomini;* a poem of similar materials and object: but differing from it as a living rose from a mass of dead rose-leaves, or even of broken Italian gumflowers. It seems as though Grillparzer had hoped to subdue us by a sufficient multitude of wonderful scenes and circumstances, without inquiring, with any painful solicitude, whether the soul and

meaning of them were presented to us or not. Herein truly, we believe, lies the peculiar knack or playwright-mystery of *Ottokar:* that its effect is calculated to depend chiefly on its quantity; on the mere number of astonishments, and joyful or deplorable adventures there brought to light; abundance in superficial contents compensating the absence of *callida junctura.* Which second method of tragic manufacture we hold to be better than the first, but still far from good. At the same time, it is a very common method, both in Tragedy and elsewhere; nay, we hear persons whose trade it is to write metre, or be otherwise 'imaginative,' professing it openly as the best they know. Do not these men go about collecting 'features;' ferreting out strange incidents, murders, duels, ghost-apparitions, over the habitable globe? Of which features and incidents when they have gathered a sufficient stock, what more is needed than that they *be* ample enough, high-coloured enough, though huddled into any case (Novel, Tragedy or Metrical Romance) that will hold them all? Nevertheless this is agglomeration, not creation; and avails little in Literature. Quantity, it is a certain fact, will *not* make up for defect of quality; nor are the gayest hues of any service, unless there be a likeness painted from them. Better were it for *König Ottokar* had the story been twice as short and twice as expressive. For it is still true, as in Cervantes' time, *nunca lo bueno fué mucho.* What avails the dram of brandy, while it swims chemically united with its barrel of wort? Let the distiller pass it and repass it though his limbecs; for it is the drops of pure alcohol that we want, not the gallons of water, which may be had in every ditch.

On the whole, however, we remember *König Ottokar* without animosity; and to prove that Grillparzer, if he could not make it poetical, might have made it less prosaic, and has in fact something better in him than is here manifested, we shall quote one passage, which strikes us as really rather sweet and natural. King Ottokar is in the last of his fields, no prospect before him but death or captivity; and soliloquising on his past misdeeds:

I have not borne me wisely in thy World,
Thou great, all-judging God! Like storm and tempest,
I traversed thy fair garden, wasting it:
'Tis thine to waste, for thou alone canst heal.
Was evil not my aim, yet how did I,
Poor worm, presume to ape the Lord of Worlds,
And through the Bad seek out a way to the Good!

My fellow man, sent thither for his joy,
An End, a Self, within thy World a World,—
For thou hast fashioned him a marvellous work,
With lofty brow, erect in look, strange sense,
And clothed him in the garment of thy Beauty,
And wondrously encircled him with wonders;
He hears, and sees, and feels, has pain and pleasure:
He takes him food, and cunning powers come forth,
And work and work, within their secret chambers,
And build him up his House: no royal Palace
Is comparable to the frame of Man!
And I have cast them forth from me by thousands,
For whims, as men throw rubbish from their door.
And none of all these slain but had a Mother
Who, as she bore him in sore travail,
Had clasped him fondly to her fostering breast;
A Father who had blessed him as his pride,
And nurturing, watched over him long years:
If he but hurt the skin upon his finger,
There would they run, with anxious look, to bind it,
And tend it, cheering him, until it healed;
And it was but a finger the skin o' the finger!
And I have trod men down in heaps and squadrons,
For the stern iron opened out a way
To their warm living hearts.—O God!
Wilt thou go into judgment with me, spare
My suffering people.[1]

Passages of this sort, scattered here and there over Grillparzer's Plays, and evincing at least an amiable tenderness of natural disposition, make us regret the more to condemn him. In fact, we have hopes that he is not born to be forever a Playwright. A true though feeble vein of poetic talent he really seems to possess; and such purity of heart as may yet,

[1] *König Ottokar*, 180–1

with assiduous study, lead him into his proper field. For we do reckon him a conscientious man, and honest lover of Art; nay this incessant fluctuation in his dramatic schemes is itself a good omen. Besides this *Ahnfrau* and *Ottokar*, he has written two dramas, *Sappho* and *Der Goldene Vliess* (The Golden Fleece), on quite another principle; aiming apparently at some Classic model, or at least at some French reflex of such a model. *Sappho*, which we are sorry to learn is not his last piece, but his second, appears to us very considerably the most faultless production of his we are yet acquainted with. There is a degree of grace and simplicity in it, a softness, polish and general good taste, little to be expected from the author of the *Ahnfrau:* if he cannot bring out the full tragic meaning of Sappho's situation, he contrives, with laudable dexterity, to avoid the ridicule that lies within a single step of it; his Drama is weak and thin, but innocent, lovable; nay the last scene strikes us as even poetically meritorious. His *Goldene Vliess* we suspect to be of similar character, but have not yet found time and patience to study it. We repeat our hope of one day meeting Grillparzer in a more honourable calling than this of Playwright, or even fourth-rate Dramatist; which titles, as was said above, we have not given him without regret; and shall be truly glad to cancel for whatever better one he may yet chance to merit.

But if we felt a certain reluctance in classing Grillparzer among the Playwrights, no such feeling can have place with regard to the second name on our list, that of Doctor August Klingemann. Dr. Klingemann is one of the most indisputable Playwrights now extant; nay so superlative is his vigour in this department, we might even designate him *the* Playwright. His manner of proceeding is quite different from Grillparzer's; not a wavering ever-changed method, or combination of methods, as the other's was; but a fixed principle of action, which he follows with unflinching courage; his own mind being to all appearance highly satisfied with it. If Grillparzer attempted to overpower us, now by the method of Fate, now by that of pompous action, and grandiloquent or lachry-

mose sentiment, heaped on us in too rich abundance, Klingemann, without neglecting any of these resources, seems to place his chief dependence on a surer and readier stay,—on his magazines of rosin, oil-paper, vizards, scarlet-drapery and gunpowder. What thunder and lightning, magic-lantern transparencies, death's-heads, fire-showers and plush-cloaks can do, is here done. Abundance of churchyard and chapel scenes, in the most tempestuous weather; to say nothing of battle-fields, gleams of scoured arms here and there in the wood, and even occasional shots heard in the distance. Then there are such scowls and malignant side-glances, ashy palenesses, stampings and hysterics, as might, one would think, wring the toughest bosom into drops of pity. For not only are the looks and gestures of these people of the most heart-rending description, but their words and feelings also (for Klingemann is no half-artist) are of a piece with them: gorgeous inflations, the purest innocence, highest magnanimity; godlike sentiment of all sorts; everywhere the finest tragic humour. The moral too is genuine; there is the most anxious regard to virtue; indeed a distinct patronage both of Providence and the Devil. In this manner does Dr. Klingemann compound his dramatic electuaries, no less cunningly than Dr. Kitchiner did his 'peptic persuaders;' and truly of the former we must say, that their operation is nowise unpleasant; nay to our shame be it spoken, we have even read these Plays with a certain degree of satisfaction; and shall declare that if any man wish to amuse himself irrationally, here is the ware for his money.

Klingemann's latest dramatic undertaking is *Ahasuer*; a purely original invention, on which he seems to pique himself somewhat; confessing his opinion that, now when the 'birth-pains' are over, the character of *Ahasuer* may possibly do good service in many a future drama. We are not prophets, or sons of prophets; so shall leave this prediction resting on its own basis. Ahasuer, the reader will be interested to learn, is no other than the Wandering Jew or Shoemaker of Jerusalem: concerning whom there are two things to be remarked. The first is, the strange name of the Shoemaker: why do Klinge-

mann and all the Germans call the man *Ahasuer*, when his authentic Christian name is John; *Joannes a Temporibus Christi*, or, for brevity's sake, simply *Joannes a Temporibus?* This should be looked into. Our second remark is of the circumstance that no Historian or Narrator, neither Schiller, Strada, Thuanus, Monro, nor Dugald Dalgetty, makes any mention of Ahasuer's having been present at the Battle of Lützen. Possibly they thought the fact too notorious to need mention. Here at all events, he was; nay as we infer, he must have been at Waterloo also; and probably at Trafalgar, though in which Fleet is not so clear; for he takes a hand in all great battles and national emergencies, at least is witness of them, being bound to it by his destiny. Such is the peculiar occupation of the Wandering Jew, as brought to light in this Tragedy: his other specialities,—that he cannot lodge above three nights in one place; that he is of a melancholic temperament; above all, that he cannot die, not by hemp or steel, or Prussic-acid itself, but must travel on till the general consummation,—are familiar to all historical readers. Ahasuer's task at this Battle of Lützen seems to have been a very easy one: simply to see the Lion of the North brought down; not by a cannon-shot, as is generally believed, but by the traitorous pistol-bullet of one Heinyn von Warth, a bigoted Catholic, who had pretended to desert from the Imperialists, that he might find some such opportunity. Unfortunately, Heinyn, directly after this feat, falls into a sleepless, half-rabid state; comes home to Castle Warth, frightens his poor Wife and worthy old noodle of a Father; then skulks about, for some time, now praying, oftener cursing and swearing; till at length the Swedes lay hold of him and kill him. Ahasuer, as usual, is in at the death: in the interim, however, he has saved Lady Heinyn from drowning, though as good as poisoned her with the look of his strange stony eyes; and now his business to all appearance being over, he signifies in strong language that he must begone: thereupon he 'steps solemnly into the wood; Wasa-'burg looks after him surprised: the rest kneel round the 'corpse; the *Requiem* faintly continues;' and what is still

more surprising, 'the curtain falls.' Such is the simple action and stern catastrophe of this Tragedy; concerning which it were superfluous for us to speak farther in the way of criticism. We shall only add, that there is a dreadful lithographic print in it, representing 'Ludwig Devrient as Ahasuer;' in that very act of 'stepping solemnly into the wood:' and uttering these final words: "*Ich aber wandle weiter — weiter — weiter!*" We have heard of Herr Devrient as of the best actor in Germany; and can now bear testimony, if there be truth in this plate, that he is one of the ablest-bodied men. A most truculent, rawboned figure, 'with bare legs and red leather shoes;' huge black beard; eyes turned inside out; and uttering these extraordinary words: "But *I* go on — on —on!"

Now, however, we must give a glance at Klingemann's other chief performance in this line, the Tragedy of *Faust*. Dr. Klingemann admits that the subject has been often treated; that Goethe's *Faust* in particular has 'dramatic points (*dramatische momente*):' but the business is to give it an entire dramatic superficies, to make it an *ächt dramatische*, a 'genuinely dramatic' tragedy. Setting out with this laudable intention, Dr. Klingemann has produced a *Faust*, which differs from that of Goethe in more than one particular. The hero of this piece is not the old Faust, doctor in philosophy; driven desperate by the uncertainty of human knowledge: but plain John Faust, the printer, and even the inventor of gunpowder; driven desperate by his ambitious temper, and a total deficiency of cash. He has an excellent wife, an excellent blind father, both of whom would fain have him be peaceable, and work at his trade; but being an adept in the black-art, he determines rather to relieve himself in that way. Accordingly, he proceeds to make a contract with the Devil, on what we should consider pretty advantageous terms; the Devil being bound to serve him in the most effectual manner, and Faust at liberty to commit *four* mortal sins before any hair of his head can be harmed. However, as will be seen, the Devil proves Yorkshire; and Faust, naturally enough, finds himself quite jockeyed in the long-run.

Another characteristic distinction of Klingemann is his manner of embodying this same Evil Principle, when at last he resolves on introducing him to sight; for all these contracts and preliminary matters are very properly managed behind the scenes; only the main points of the transaction being indicated to the spectator by some thunderclap, or the like. Here is no cold mocking Mephistopheles; but a swaggering, jovial, West India-looking 'Stranger,' with a rubicund, indeed quite brick-coloured face, which Faust at first mistakes for the effect of hard-drinking. However, it is a remarkable feature of this Stranger, that always on the introduction of any religious topic, or the mention of any sacred name, he strikes his glass down on the table, and generally breaks it.

For some time, after his grand bargain, Faust's affairs go on triumphantly, on the great scale, and he seems to feel pretty comfortable. But the Stranger shows him 'his wife,' Helena, the most enchanting creature in the world; and the most cruel-hearted,—for, notwithstanding the easy temper of her husband, she will not grant Faust the smallest encouragement, till he have killed Käthe, his own living helpmate, against whom he entertains no manner of grudge. Nevertheless, reflecting that he has a stock of four mortal sins to draw upon, and may well venture one for such a prize, he determines on killing Käthe. But here matters take a bad turn: for having poisoned poor Käthe, he discovers, most unexpectedly, that she is in the family-way; and therefore that he has committed not one sin but two! Nay, before the interment can take place, he is farther reduced, in a sort of accidental self-defence, to kill his father; thus accomplishing his third mortal sin; with which third, as we shall presently discover, his whole allotment is exhausted; a fourth, that he knew not of, being already on the score against him! From this point, it cannot surprise us that bad grows worse: catchpoles are out in pursuit of him, 'black masks' dance round him in a most suspicious manner, the brickfaced Stranger seems to laugh at him, and Helena will nowhere make her appearance. That the sympathising reader may see with his

own eyes how poor Faust is beset at this juncture, we shall quote a scene or two. The first may, properly enough, be that of those 'black masks.'

SCENE SEVENTH.

A lighted Hall.

(*In the distance is heard quick dancing music. Masks pass from time to time over the Stage, but all dressed in black, and with vizards perfectly close. After a pause,* FAUST *plunges wildly in, with a full goblet in his hand.*)

FAUST (*rushing stormfully into the foreground*).

Ha! Poison, 'stead of wine, that I intoxicate me!
Your wine makes sober,—burning fire bring us!
Off with your drink!—and blood is in it too!
[*Shuddering, he dashes the goblet from his hand.*
My father's blood,—I've drunk my fill of *that!* [*With increasing tumult.*
Yet curses on him! curses, that he begot me!
Curse on my mother's bosom, that it bore me!
Curse on the gossip-crone that stood by her,
And did not strangle me at my first scream!
How could I help this being that was given me?
Accursed art thou, Nature, that hast mock'd me!
Accursed I, that let myself be mock'd!—
And thou, strong Being, that, to make the sport,
Enclosedst the fire-soul in this dungeon,
That so despairing it might strive for freedom—
Accur. . . [*He shrinks terrorstruck.*
No, not the *fourth*. . . . the blackest sin!
No! No! [*In the excess of his outbreaking anguish, he hides his face in his hands.*
O, I am altogether wretched!

(*Three black Masks come towards him.*)

FIRST MASK.

Hey! merry friend!

SECOND MASK.

Hey! merry brother!

THIRD MASK (*reiterating with a cutting tone*).

Merry!

FAUST (*breaking out in wild humour, and looking round among them*).

Hey! Merry, then!

FIRST MASK.

Will any one catch flies ?

SECOND MASK.

A long life yet ; to midnight all the way !

THIRD MASK.

And after that, such pleasure without end !

[*The music suddenly ceases, and a clock strikes thrice.*

FAUST (*astonished*).

What is it ?

FIRST MASK.

Wants a quarter, Sir, of twelve !

SECOND MASK.

Then we have time !

THIRD MASK.

Ay, time enough for jigging !

FIRST MASK.

And not till midnight comes the shot to pay !

FAUST (*shuddering*).

What want ye ?

FIRST MASK (*clasps his hand abruptly*).

Hey ! To dance a step with thee !

FAUST (*plucks his hands back*).

Off !—Fire ! !

FIRST MASK.

Tush ! A spark or so of brimstone !

SECOND MASK.

Art dreaming, brother ?

THIRD MASK.

Holla ! Music, there !

[*The music begins again in the distance.*

FIRST MASK (*secretly laughing*).

The spleen is biting him !

SECOND MASK.

Hark ! at the gallows,

What jovial footing of it !

THIRD MASK.

Thither must I! [*Exit.*

FIRST MASK.

Below, too! down in Purgatory! Hear ye?

SECOND MASK.

A stirring *there?* 'Tis time, then! Hui, your servant!

FIRST MASK (*to* FAUST).

Till midnight! [*Exeunt both Masks hastily.*

FAUST (*clasping his brow*).

Ha! What begirds me here?

[*Stepping vehemently forward.*

Down with your masks! [*Violent knocking without.*

What horrid uproar next!

Is madness coming on me?—

VOICE (*violently, from without*).

Open, in the king's name!

[*The music ceases. Thunderclap.*

FAUST (*staggers back*).

I have a heavy dream!—Sure *'tis* not doomsday?

VOICE (*as before*).

Here is the murderer! Open! Open, then!

FAUST (*wipes his brow*).

Has agony unmanned me?—

SCENE EIGHTH.

BAILIFFS.

Where is he? where?—

From these merely terrestrial constables, the jovial Stranger easily delivers Faust: but now comes the long-looked-for *tête-á-tête* with Helena.

SCENE TWELFTH.

(FAUST *leads* HELENA *on the stage. She also is close-masked. The other Masks withdraw.*)

FAUST (*warm and glowing*).

No longer strive, proud beauty!

HELENA.

Ha, wild stormer!

FAUST.

My bosom burns—!

HELENA.

The time is not yet come.—

—And so forth, through four pages of flame and ice, till at last,

FAUST (*insisting*).

Off with the mask, then!

HELENA (*still wilder*).

Hey! the marriage-hour!—

FAUST.

Off with the mask!!

HELENA.

'Tis striking!!

FAUST.

One kiss!

HELENA.

Take it!!

[*The mask and head-dress fall from her; and she grins at him from a death's-head: loud thunder; and the music ends, as with a shriek, in dissonances.*

FAUST (*staggers back*).

O horror!—Woe!

HELENA.

The couch is ready, there!

Come, Bridegroom, to thy fire-nuptials!

[*She sinks, with a crashing thunderpeal, into the ground, out of which issue flames.*

All this is bad enough; but mere child's play to the 'Thirteenth Scene,' the last of this strange eventful history: with some parts of which we propose to send our readers weeping to their beds.

SCENE THIRTEENTH.

(*The* STRANGER *hurls* FAUST, *whose face is deadly pale, back to the stage, by the hair.*)

FAUST.

Ha, let me fly!—Come! Come!

STRANGER (*with wild thundering tone*).

'Tis over now!

FAUST.

That horrid visage!—

[*Throwing himself, in a tremor, on the* STRANGER'S *breast.*

Thou art my Friend!

Protect me!!

STRANGER (*laughing aloud*).

Ha! ha! ha!

* * * *

FAUST.

O save me!!

STRANGER (*clutches him with irresistible force; whirls him round, so that* FAUST'S *face is towards the spectators, whilst his own is turned away; and thus he looks at him, and bawls with thundering voice*):

'Tis I!! —

[A CLAP OF THUNDER. FAUST, *with gestures of deepest horror, rushes to the ground, uttering an inarticulate cry. The other, after a pause continues, with cutting coolness:*

Is that the mighty Hell-subduer,
That threatened *me?*—Ha, ME!! [*With highest contempt*
Worm of the dust!
I had reserved thy torment for—*myself!!*—
Descend to other hands, be sport for slaves—
Thou art too small for me!!

FAUST (*rises erect, and seems to recover his strength*).

Am I not Faust?

STRANGER.

Thou, no!

FAUST (*rising in his whole vehemence*).

Accursed! Ha, I am! I am!
Down at my feet!—I am thy master!

STRANGER.

No more ! !

FAUST (*wildly*).

More ? Ha ! My Bargain ! !

STRANGER.

Is concluded ! !

FAUST.

Three mortal sins.—

STRANGER.

The Fourth too is committed

FAUST.

My Wife, my Child, and my old Father's blood—!

STRANGER (*holds up a Parchment to him*).

And here *thy own!* —

FAUST.

That is my covenant !

STRANGER.

This *signature*—was thy most damning sin.

FAUST (*raging*).

Ha, spirit of lies ! ! &c., &c.

* * * * * *

STRANGER (*in highest fury*).

Down, thou accursed !

[*He drags him by the hair towards the background ; at this moment, amid violent thunder and lightning, the scene changes into a horrid wilderness ; in the background of which, a yawning Chasm : into this the Devil hurls Faust ; on all sides Fire rains down, so that the whole interior of the Cavern seems burning : a black veil descends over both, so soon as Faust is got under.*

FAUST (*huzzaing in wild defiance*).

Ha, down ! Down !

[*Thunder, lightning and fire. Both sink. The curtain falls.*

On considering all which supernatural transactions, the bewildered reader has no theory for it, except that Faust must, in Dr. Cabanis's phrase, have laboured under 'obstructions in the epigastric region,' and all this of the Devil, and

Helena, and so much murder and carousing, have been nothing but a waking dream, or other atrabilious phantasm ; and regrets that the poor Printer had not rather applied to some Abernethy, on the subject, or even, by one sufficient dose of Epsom-salt, on his own prescription, put an end to the whole matter, and restored himself to the bosom of his afflicted family.

Such, then, for Dr. Klingemann's part, is his method of constructing Tragedies ; to which method it may perhaps be objected that there is a want of originality in it ; for do not our own British Playwrights follow precisely the same plan? We might answer that, if not his plan, at least his infinitely superior execution of it must distinguish Klingemann : but we rather think his claim to originality rests on a different ground ; on the ground, namely, of his entire contentment with himself and with this his dramaturgy ; and the cool heroism with which, on all occasions, he avows that contentment. Here is no poor cowering underfoot Playwright, begging the public for God's sake not to give him the whipping which he deserves ; but a bold perpendicular Playwright, avowing himself as such ; nay mounted on the top of his joinery, and therefrom exercising a sharp critical superintendence over the German Drama generally. Klingemann, we understand, has lately executed a theatrical Tour, as Don Quixote did various Sallies ; and thrown stones into most German Playhouses, and at various German Playwriters ; of which we have seen only his assault on Tieck ; a feat comparable perhaps to that 'never-imagined adventure of the Windmills." Fortune, it is said, favours the brave ; and the prayer of Burns's Kilmarnock weaver is not always unheard of Heaven. In conclusion, we congratulate Dr. Klingemann on his Manager-dignity in the Brunswick Theatre ; a post he seems made for, almost as Bardolph was for the Eastcheap waitership.

But now, like his own Ahasuer, Dr. Klingemann must 'go on—on—on : ' for another and greater Doctor has been kept too long waiting, whose Seven beautiful Volumes of *Drama-*

tische Werke might well secure him a better fate. Dr. Müllner, of all these Playwrights, is the best known in England; some of his works have even, we believe, been translated into our language. In his own country, his fame, or at least notoriety, is also supreme over all: no Playwright of this age makes such a noise as Müllner; nay, many there are who affirm that he is something far better than a Playwright. Critics of the sixth and lower magnitudes, in every corner of Germany, have put the question a thousand times: Whether Müllner is not a Poet and Dramatist? To which question, as the higher authorities maintain an obstinate silence, or, if much pressed, reply only in groans, these sixth-magnitude men have been obliged to make answer themselves; and they have done it with an emphasis and vociferation calculated to dispel all remaining doubts in the minds of men. In Müllner's mind, at least, they have left little; a conviction the more excusable, as the playgoing vulgar seem to be almost unanimous in sharing it; and thunders of applause, nightly through so many theatres return him loud acclaim. Such renown is pleasant food for the hungry appetite of a man, and naturally he rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue: but, after all, it can profit him but little; nay, many times what is sugar to the taste may be sugar-of-lead when it is swallowed. Better were it for Müllner, we think, had fainter thunders of applause, and from fewer theatres, greeted him. For what good is in it, even were there no evil? Though a thousand caps leap into the air at his name, his own stature is no hairsbreadth higher; neither even can the final estimate of its height be thereby in the smallest degree enlarged. From gainsayers these greetings provoke only a stricter scrutiny; the matter comes to be accurately known at last; and he who has been treated with foolish liberality at one period, must make up for it by the want of bare necessaries at another. No one will deny that Müllner is a person of some considerable talent: we understand he is, or was once, a Lawyer; and can believe that he may have acted, and talked, and written, very prettily in that capacity: but to set up for a Poet was quite a different enterprise, in which we reckon

that he has altogether mistaken his road, and that these mob-cheers have led him farther and farther astray.

Several years ago, on the faith of very earnest recommendation, it was our lot to read one of Dr. Müllner's Tragedies, the *Albanäserinn;* with which, such was its effect on us, we could willingly enough have terminated our acquaintance with Dr. Müllner. A palpable imitation of Schiller's *Braut von Messina;* without any philosophy or feeling that was not either perfectly commonplace or perfectly false, often both the one and the other; inflated, indeed, into a certain hollow bulk, but altogether without greatness; being built throughout on mere rant and clangor, and other elements of the most indubitable Prose: such a work could not but be satisfactory to us respecting Dr. Müllner's genius as a Poet; and time being precious, and the world wide enough, we had privately determined that we and Dr. Müllner were each henceforth to pursue his own course. Nevertheless, so considerable has been the progress of our worthy friend since then, both at home and abroad, that his labours are again forced on our notice: for we reckon the existence of a true Poet in any country to be so important a fact, that even the slight probability of such is worthy of investigation. Accordingly we have again perused the *Albaniserinn,* and along with it, faithfully examined the whole Dramatic Works of Müllner, published in Seven Volumes, on beautiful paper, in small shape and everyway very fit for handling. The whole tragic works, we should rather say: for three or four of his comic performances sufficiently contented us; and some two volumes of farces, we confess, are still unread. We have also carefully gone through, and with much less difficulty, the Prefaces, Appendices, and other prose sheets, wherein the Author exhibits the '*fata libelli;*' defends himself from unjust criticisms, reports just ones, or himself makes such. The toils of this task we shall not magnify, well knowing that man's life is a fight throughout: only having now gathered what light is to be had on this matter, we proceed to speak forth our verdict thereon; fondly hoping that we shall then have done with it, for an indefinite period of time.

Dr. Müllner, then, we must take liberty to believe, in spite of all that has been said or sung upon the subject, is no Dramatist; has never written a Tragedy, and in all human probability will never write one. Grounds for this harsh, negative opinion, did the burden of proof lie chiefly on our side, we might state in extreme abundance. There is one ground, however, which, if our observation be correct, would virtually include all the rest. Dr. Müllner's whole soul and character, to the deepest root we can trace of it seems prosaic, not poetical; his Dramas, therefore, like whatever else he produces, must be manufactured, not created; nay, we think that his principle of manufacture is itself rather a poor and secondhand one. Vain were it for any reader to search in these Seven Volumes for an opinion any deeper or clearer, a sentiment any finer or higher, than may conveniently belong to the commonest practising advocate: except stilting heroics, which the man himself half knows to be false, and every other man easily waives aside, there is nothing here to disturb the quiescence either of heart or head. This man is a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, most probably of good juristic talent; and nothing more whatever. His language too, all accurately measured into feet, and good current German, so far as a foreigner may judge, bears similar testimony. Except the rhyme and metre, it exhibits no poetical symptom: without being verbose, it is essentially meagre and watery; no idiomatic expressiveness, no melody, no virtue of any kind; the commonest vehicle for the commonest meaning. Not that our Doctor is destitute of metaphors and other rhetorical furtherances; but that these also are of the most trivial character: old threadbare material, scoured up into a state of shabby-gentility; mostly turning on 'light' and 'darkness;' 'flashes through clouds,' 'fire of heart,' 'tempest of soul,' and the like, which can profit no man or woman. In short, we must repeat it, Dr. Müllner has yet to show that there is any particle of poetic metal in him; that his genius is other than a sober clay-pit, from which good bricks may be made; but where to look for gold or diamonds were sheer waste of labour.

When we think of our own Maturin and Sheridan Knowles, and the gala-day of popularity which they also once enjoyed with us, we can be at no loss for the genus under which Dr. Müllner is to be included in critical physiology. Nevertheless, in marking him as a distinct Playwright, we are bound to mention that in general intellectual talent he shows himself very considerably superior to his two German brethren. He has a much better taste than Klingemann; rejecting the aid of plush and gunpowder, we may say altogether; is even at the pains to rhyme great part of his Tragedies; and on the whole, writes with a certain care and decorous composure, to which the Brunswick Manager seems totally indifferent. Moreover, he appears to surpass Grillparzer, as well as Klingemann, in a certain force both of judgment and passion; which indeed is no very mighty affair; Grillparzer being naturally but a treble-pipe in these matters; and Klingemann, blowing through such an enormous coach-horn, that the natural note goes for nothing, becomes a mere vibration in that all-subduing volume of sound. At the same time, it is singular enough that neither Grillparzer nor Klingemann should be nearly so tough reading as Müllner; which, however, we declare to be the fact. As to Klingemann, he is even an amusing artist; there is such a briskness and heart in him; so rich is he, nay so exuberant in riches, so full of explosions, fire-flashes, execrations and all manner of catastrophes; and then, good soul, he asks *no* attention from us, knows his trade better than to dream of asking any. Grillparzer, again, is a sadder and perhaps a wiser companion; longwinded a little, but peaceable and soft-hearted: his melancholy, even when he pules, is in the highest degree inoffensive, and we can often weep a tear or two *for* him, if not with him. But of all Tragedians, may the indulgent Heavens deliver us from any farther traffic with Dr. Müllner! This is the lukewarm, which we could wish to be either cold or hot. Müllner will not keep us awake, while we read him; yet neither will he, like Klingemann, let us fairly get asleep. Ever and anon, it is as if we came into some smooth quiescent country; and the soul flatters herself that here at last

she may be allowed to fall back on her cushions, the eyes meanwhile, like two safe postilions, comfortably conducting her through that flat region, in which are nothing but flax-crops and mile-stones ; and ever and anon some jolt or unexpected noise fatally disturbs her ; and looking out, it is no waterfall or mountain chasm, but only the villanous highway, and squalls of October wind. To speak without figure, Dr. Müllner does seem to us a singularly oppressive writer ; and perhaps for this reason : that he hovers *too* near the verge of good writing ; ever tempting us with some hope that here is a touch of Poetry ; and ever disappointing us with a touch of pure Prose. A stately sentiment comes tramping forth with a clank that sounds poetic and heroic ; we start in breathless expectation, waiting to reverence the heavenly guest ; and, alas, he proves to be but an old stager dressed in new buckram, a stager well known to us, nay often a stager that has already been drummed out of most well-regulated communities. So is it ever with Dr. Müllner : no feeling can be traced much deeper in him than the tongue ; or perhaps when we search more strictly, instead of an ideal of beauty, we shall find some vague aim after strength, or in defect of this, after mere size. And yet how cunningly he manages the counterfeit ! A most plausible, fair-spoken, close-shaven man : a man whom you must not, for decency's-sake, throw out of the window ; and yet you feel that being palpably a Turk in grain, his intents are wicked and not charitable !

But the grand question with regard to Müllner, as with regard to those other Playwrights, is : Where lies his peculiar sleight-of-hand in this craft ? Let us endeavour, then, to find out his secret,—his recipe for play-making ; and communicate the same for behoof of the British nation. Müllner's recipe is no mysterious one ; floats, indeed, on the very surface ; might even be taught, one would suppose, on a few trials, to the humblest capacity. Our readers may perhaps recollect Zacharias Werner, and some short allusion, in our First Number, to a highly terrific piece of his, entitled *The Twenty-fourth of February.* A more detailed account of the matter may be found in Madame de Staël's *Allemagne ;* in the

Chapter which treats of that infatuated Zacharias generally. It is a story of a Swiss peasant and bankrupt, called Kurt Kuruh, if we mistake not; and of his wife, and a rich travelling stranger lodged with them; which latter is, in the night of the Twenty-fourth of February, wilfully and feloniously murdered by the two former; and proves himself, in the act of dying, to be their only son, who had returned home to make them all comfortable, could they only have had a little more patience. But the foul deed is already accomplished, with a rusty knife or scythe; and nothing of course remains but for the whole batch to go to perdition. For it was written, as the Arabs say, 'on the iron leaf:' these Kuruhs are doomed men; old Kuruh, the grandfather, had committed some sin or other; for which, like the sons of Atreus, his descendants are 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour:' nay, so punctilious is Destiny, that this very Twenty-fourth of February, the day when that old sin was enacted, is still a fatal day with the family; and this very knife or scythe, the criminal tool on that former occasion, is ever the instrument of new crime and punishment; the Kuruhs, during all that half century, never having carried it to the smithy to make hobnails; but kept it hanging on a peg, most injudiciously we think, almost as a sort of bait and bonus to Satan, a ready-made fulcrum for whatever machinery he might bring to bear against them. This is the tragic lesson taught in Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February;* and, as the whole *dramatis personæ* are either stuck through with old iron, or hanged in hemp, it is surely taught with some considerable emphasis.

Werner's Play was brought out at Weimar, in 1809; under the direction or permission, as he brags, of the great Goethe himself; and seems to have produced no faint impression on a discerning public. It is, in fact, a piece nowise destitute of substance and a certain coarse vigour; and if any one has so obstinate a heart that he must absolutely stand in a slaughter-house, or within wind of the gallows before tears will come, it may have a very comfortable effect on him. One symptom of merit it must be admitted to exhibit,—an adaptation to the general taste; for the small fibre of originality,

which exists here, has already shot forth into a whole wood of imitations. We understand that the Fate-line is now quite an established branch of dramatic business in Germany; they have their Fate-dramatists, just as we have our gingham-weavers and inkle-weavers. Of this Fate-manufacture we have already seen one sample in Grillparzer's *Ahnfrau:* but by far the most extensive Fate-manufacturer, the head and prince of all Fate-dramatists, is the Doctor Müllner at present under consideration. Müllner deals in Fate, and Fate only; it is the basis and staple of his whole tragedy-goods; cut off this one principle, you annihilate his raw material, and he can manufacture no more.

Müllner acknowledges his obligations to Werner; but, we think, not half warmly enough. Werner was in fact the making of him; great as he has now become, our Doctor is nothing but a mere mistletoe growing from that poor oak, itself already half dead; had there been no *Twenty-fourth of February,* there were then no *Twenty-ninth of February,* no *Schuld,* no *Albanäserinn,* most probably no *König Yngurd.* For the reader is to understand that Dr. Müllner, already a middle-aged, and as yet a perfectly undramatic man, began business with a direct copy of this *Twenty-fourth;* a thing proceeding by Destiny, and ending in murder, by a knife or scythe, as in the Kuruh case; with one improvement, indeed, that there was a grinding-stone introduced into the scene, and the spectator had the satisfaction of seeing the knife previously whetted. The Author too was honest enough publicly to admit his imitation; for he named this Play the *Twenty-ninth of February;* and, in his Preface, gave thanks, though somewhat reluctantly, to Werner, as to his master and originator. For some inscrutable reason, this *Twenty-ninth* was not sent to the greengrocer, but became popular: there was even the weakest of parodies written on it, entitled *Eumenides Düster* (Eumenides Gloomy), which Müllner has reprinted; there was likewise 'a wish expressed' that the termination might be made joyous, not grievous; with which wish also the indefatigable wright has complied; and so, for the benefit of weak nerves, we have the *Wahn* (Delusion), which still ends in tears, but glad ones.

In short, our Doctor has a peculiar merit with this *Twenty-ninth* of his ; for who but he could have cut a second and a third face on the same cherrystone, said cherrystone having first to be borrowed, or indeed half-stolen?

At this point, however, Dr. Müllner apparently began to set up for himself ; and ever henceforth he endeavours to persuade his own mind and ours that his debt to Werner terminates here. Nevertheless clear it is that fresh debt was every day contracting. For had not this one Wernerean idea taken complete hold of the Doctor's mind ; so that he was quite possessed with it, had, we might say, no other tragic idea whatever? That a man, on a certain day of the month, shall fall into crime ; for which an invisible Fate shall silently pursue him ; punishing the transgression, most probably on the same day of the month, annually (unless, as in the *Twenty-ninth*, it be leap-year, and Fate in this may be, to a certain extent, bilked) ; and never resting till the poor wight himself, and perhaps his last descendant, shall be swept away with the besom of destruction : such, more or less disguised, frequently without any disguise, is the tragic essence, the vital principle, natural or galvanic we are not deciding, of all Dr. Müllner's Dramas. Thus, in that everlasting *Twenty-ninth of February*, we have the principle in its naked state : some old Woodcutter or Forester has fallen into deadly sin with his wife's sister, long ago, on that intercalary day ; and so his whole progeny must, wittingly or unwittingly, proceed in incest and murder ; the day of the catastrophe regularly occurring, every four years, on the same Twenty-ninth ; till happily the whole are murdered, and there is an end. So likewise in the *Schuld* (Guilt), a much more ambitious performance, we have exactly the same doctrine of an anniversary ; and the interest once more turns on that delicate business of murder and incest. In the *Albanäserinn* (Fair Albanese), again, which may have the credit, such as it is, of being Müllner's best Play, we find the Fate-theory a little coloured ; as if the drug had begun to disgust, and the Doctor would hide it in a spoonful of syrup : it is a dying man's curse that operates on the criminal ; which curse, being strengthened by a sin of very old standing in the family

of the cursee, takes singular effect; the parties only weathering parricide, fratricide, and the old story of incest, by two self-banishments, and two very decisive self-murders. Nay, it seems as if our Doctor positively could not act at all without this Fate-panacea: in *König Yngurd*, we might almost think that he had made such an attempt, and found that it would not do. This König Yngurd, an imaginary Peasant-King of Norway, is meant, as we are kindly informed, to present us with some adumbration of Napoleon Bonaparte; and truly, for the two or three first Acts, he goes along with no small gallantry, in what drill-sergeants call a dashing or swashing style; a very virtuous kind of man, and as bold as Ruy Diaz or the Warwick Mastiff: when suddenly in the middle of a battle, far on in the Play, he is seized with some caprice, or whimsical qualm; retires to a solitary place, among rocks, and there in a most gratuitous manner, delivers himself over, *viva voce*, to the Devil; who indeed does not appear personally to take seisin of him, but yet, as afterwards comes to light, has with great readiness accepted the gift. For now Yngurd grows dreadfully sulky and wicked, does little henceforth but bully men and kill them; till at length, the measure of his iniquities being full, he himself is bullied and killed; and the Author, carried through by this his sovereign tragic elixir, contrary to expectation, terminates his piece with reasonable comfort.

This, then, is Dr. Müllner's dramatic mystery; this is the one patent hook by which he would hang his clay tragedies on the upper spiritual world; and so establish for himself a free communication, almost as if by block-and-tackle, between the visible Prose Earth and the invisible Poetic Heaven. The greater or less merit of this his invention, or rather improvement, for Werner is the real patentee, has given rise, we understand, to extensive argument. The small deer of criticism seem to be much divided in opinion on this point; and the higher orders, as we have stated, declining to throw any light whatever on it, the subject is still mooting with great animation. For our own share, we confess that we incline to rank it, as a recipe for dramatic tears, a shade higher than the Page's split onion in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Craftily hid

in the handkerchief, this onion was sufficient for the deception of Christopher Sly; in that way attaining its object; which also the Fate-invention seems to have done with the Christopher Slys of Germany, and these not one but many, and therefore somewhat harder to deceive. To this onion-superiority we think Dr. M. is fairly entitled; and with this it were, perhaps, good for him that he remained content.

Dr. Müllner's Fate-scheme has been attacked by certain of his traducers on the score of its hostility to the Christian religion. Languishing indeed should we reckon the condition of the Christian religion to be, could Dr. Müllner's play-joinery produce any perceptible effect on it. Nevertheless, we may remark, since the matter is in hand, that this business of Fate does seem to us nowise a Christian doctrine; not even a Mahometan or Heathen one. The *Fate* of the Greeks, though a false, was a lofty hypothesis, and harmonised sufficiently with the whole sensual and material structure of their theology: a ground of deepest black, on which that gorgeous phantasmagoria was fitly enough painted. Besides, with them the avenging Power dwelt, at least in its visible manifestations, among the high places of the earth, visiting only kingly houses, and world criminals, from whom it might be supposed the world, but for such miraculous interferences, could have exacted no vengeance, or found no protection and purification. Never, that we recollect of, did the Erinnyes become mere sheriff's-officers, and Fate a justice of the peace, haling poor drudges to the tread-mill for robbery of hen-roosts, or scattering the earth with steel-traps to keep down poaching. And *what* has all this to do with the revealed Providence of these days; that Power whose path is emphatically through the great deep; his doings and plans manifested, in completeness, not by the year or by the century, on individuals or on nations, but stretching through Eternity, and over the infinitude which he rules and sustains?

But there needs no recourse to theological arguments for judging this Fate-tenet of Dr. Müllner's. Its value, as a dramatic principle, may be estimated, it seems to us, by this one consideration: that in these days no person of either

sex in the slightest degree believes it ; that Dr. Müllner himself does not believe it. We are not contending that fiction should become fact, or that no dramatic incident is genuine, unless it could be sworn to before a jury ; but simply that fiction should not be falsehood and delirium. How shall any one, in the drama, or in poetry of any sort, present a consistent philosophy of life, which is the soul and ultimate essence of all poetry, if he and every mortal know that the whole moral basis of his ideal world is a lie ? And is it other than a lie that man's life is, was or could be, grounded on this pettifogging principle of a Fate that pursues woodcutters and cowherds with miraculous visitations, on stated days of the month? Can we, with any profit, hold the mirror up to Nature in this wise? When our mirror is no mirror, but only as it were a nursery saucepan, and that long since grown rusty ?

We might add, were it of any moment in this case, that we reckon Dr. Müllner's tragic knack altogether insufficient for a still more comprehensive reason ; simply for the reason that it *is* a knack, a recipe, or secret of the craft, which, could it be never so excellent, must by repeated use degenerate into a mannerism, and therefore into a nuisance. But herein lies the difference between creation and manufacture : the latter has its manipulations, its secret processes, which can be learned by apprenticeship, the former has not. For in poetry we have heard of no secret possessing the smallest effectual virtue, except this one general secret : that the poet be a man of a purer, higher, richer nature than other men ; which higher nature shall itself, after earnest inquiry, have taught him the proper form for embodying its inspirations, as indeed the imperishable beauty of these will shine, with more or less distinctness, through any form whatever.

Had Dr. Müllner any visible pretension to this last great secret, it might be a duty to dwell longer and more gravely on his minor ones, however false and poor. As he has no such pretension, it appears to us that for the present we may take our leave. To give any farther analysis of his individual dramas would be an easy task, but a stupid and thankless

one. A Harrison's watch, though this too is but an earthly machine, may be taken asunder with some prospect of scientific advantage; but who would spend time in screwing and unscrewing the mechanism of ten pepper-mills? Neither shall we offer any extract, as a specimen of the diction and sentiment that reigns in these dramas. We have said already that it is fair, well-ordered stage sentiment this of his; that the diction too is good, well-scanned, grammatical diction; no fault to be found with either, except that they pretend to be poetry, and are throughout the most unadulterated prose. To exhibit this fact in extracts would be a vain undertaking. Not the few sprigs of heath, but the thousand acres of it, characterise the wilderness. Let any one who covets a trim heath-nosegay, clutch at random into Müllner's Seven Volumes: for ourselves, we would not deal farther in that article.

Besides his dramatic labours, Dr. Müllner is known to the public as a journalist. For some considerable time, he has edited a Literary Newspaper of his own originating, the *Mitternacht-Blatt* (Midnight Paper); stray leaves of which we occasionally look into. In this last capacity, we are happy to observe, he shows to much more advantage: indeed, the journalistic office seems quite natural to him; and would he take any advice from us, which he will not, here were the arena in which, and not in the Fate-drama, he would exclusively continue to fence, for his bread or glory. He is not without a vein of small wit; a certain degree of drollery there is, of grinning half-risible, half-impudent; he has a fair hand at the feebler sort of lampoon; the German Joe Millers also seem familiar to him, and his skill in the riddle is respectable: so that altogether, as we said, he makes a superior figure in this line, which indeed is but despicably managed in Germany; and his *Mitternacht-Blatt* is, by several degrees, the most readable paper of its kind we meet with in that country. Not that we, in the abstract, much admire Dr. Müllner's newspaper procedure; his style is merely the common tavern-style, familiar enough in our own periodical literature; riotous, blustering, with some tincture

of blackguardism ; a half-dishonest style, and smells considerably of tobacco and spirituous liquor. Neither do we find that there is the smallest fraction of valuable knowledge or opinion communicated in the Midnight Paper ; indeed, except it be the knowledge and opinion that Dr. Müllner *is* a great dramatist, and that all who presume to think otherwise are insufficient members of society, we cannot charge our memory with having gathered any knowledge from it whatever. It may be too, that Dr. Müllner is not perfectly original in his journalistic manner : we have sometimes felt as if his light were, to a certain extent, a borrowed one ; a rushlight kindled at the great pitch link of our own *Blackwood's Magazine*. But on this point we cannot take upon us to decide.

One of Müllner's regular journalistic articles is the *Kriegszeitung*, or War-intelligence, of all the paper-battles, feuds, defiances and private assassinations, chiefly dramatic, which occur in the more distracted portion of the German Literary Republic. This *Kriegszeitung* Dr. Müllner evidently writes with great gusto, in a lively braggadocio manner, especially when touching on his own exploits ; yet to us it is far the most melancholy part of the *Mitternacht-Blatt*. Alas, this is not what we search for in a German newspaper ; how 'Herr Sapphir,' or Herr Carbuncle, or so many other Herren Dousterswivel, are all busily molesting one another! We ourselves are pacific men ; make a point 'to shun discrepant circles rather than seek them :' and how sad is it to hear of so many illustrious-obscure persons living in foreign parts, and hear only, what was well known without hearing, that they also are instinct with the spirit of Satan! For what is the bone that these Journalists, in Berlin and elsewhere, are worrying over ; what is the ultimate purpose of all this barking and snarling? Sheer love of fight, you would say ; simply to make one another's life a *little* bitterer ; as if Fate had not been cross enough to the happiest of them. Were there any perceptible subject of dispute, *any* doctrine to advocate, even a false one, it would be something ; but so far as we can discover, whether from Sapphire and Com-

pany, or the 'Nabob of Weissenfels' (our own worthy Doctor), there is none. And is this their appointed function? Are Editors scattered over the country, and supplied with victuals and fuel, purely to bite one another? Certainly not. But these Journalists, we think, are like the Academician's colony of spiders. This French virtuoso had found that cobwebs were worth something, that they could even be woven into silk stockings; whereupon he exhibits a very handsome pair of cobweb hose to the Academy, is encouraged to proceed with the manufacture; and so collects some half-bushel of spiders, and puts them down in a spacious loft, with every convenience for making silk. But will the vicious creatures spin a thread? In place of it, they take to fighting with their whole vigour, in contempt of the poor Academician's utmost exertions to part them; and end not, till there is simply one spider left living, and not a shred of cobweb woven, or henceforth to be expected! Could the weavers of paragraphs, like these of the cobweb, fairly exterminate and silence one another, it would perhaps be a little more supportable. But an Editor is made of sterner stuff. In general cases, indeed, when the brains are out, the man will die: but it is a well-known fact in Journalistics, that a man may not only live, but support wife and children by his labours, in this line, years after the brain (if there ever was any) has been completely abstracted, or reduced by time and hard usage into a state of dry powder. What then is to be done? Is there no end to this brawling; and will the unprofitable noise endure forever? By way of palliative, we have sometimes imagined that a Congress of all German Editors might be appointed, by proclamation, in some central spot, say the Nürnberg Market-place, if it would hold them all: here we would humbly suggest that the whole *Journalistik* might assemble on a given day, and under the eye of proper marshals, sufficiently and satisfactorily horsewhip one another, simultaneously, each his neighbour, till the very toughest had enough both of whipping and of being whipped. In this way, it seems probable, little or no injustice would be done; and each Journalist, cleared of gall for several months, might return

home in a more composed frame of mind, and betake himself with new alacrity to the real duties of his office.

But, enough! enough! The humour of these men may be infectious: it is not good for us to be here. Wandering over the Elysian Fields of German Literature, not watching the gloomy discords of its Tartarus, is what we wish to be employed in. Let the iron gate again close, and shut-in the pallid kingdoms from view: we gladly revisit the upper air. Not in despite towards the German nation, which we love honestly, have we spoken thus of these its Playwrights and Journalists. Alas, when we look around us at home, we feel too well that the Germans might say to us: Neighbour, sweep thy own floor! Neither is it with any hope of bettering the existence of these three individual Poetasters, still less with the smallest shadow of wish to make it more miserable, that we have spoken. After all, there must be Playwrights, as we have said; and these are among the best of the class. So long as it pleases them to manufacture in this line, and any body of German Thebans to pay them in *groschen* or plaudits for their ware, let both parties persist in so doing, and fair befall them! But the duty of Foreign Reviewers is of a twofold sort. For not only are we stationed on the coast of the country, as watchers and spials, to report whatsoever remarkable thing becomes visible in the distance; but we stand there also as a sort of Tide-waiters and Preventive-service-men, to contend with our utmost vigour, that no improper article be landed. These offices, it would seem, as in the material world, so also in the literary and spiritual, usually fall to the lot of aged, invalided, impoverished, or otherwise decayed persons; but that is little to the matter. As true British subjects, with ready will, though it may be with our last strength, we are here to discharge that double duty. Movements, we observe, are making along the beach, and signals out seawards, as if these Klingemanns and Müllners were to be landed on our soil: but through the strength of heaven this shall not be done, till the 'most thinking people' know what it *is* that is landing. For the rest, if any one wishes to import that sort of produce, and finds it nourishing for his

inward man, let him do so and welcome. Only let him understand that it is not German Literature he is swallowing, but the froth and scum of German Literature; which scum, if he will only wait, we can farther promise him that he may, ere long, enjoy in the new, and perhaps cheaper, form of *sediment*. And so let every one be active for himself:

Noch ist es Tag, da rühre sich der Mann;
Die Nacht tritt ein, wo niemand wirken kann.

APPENDIX.

SUMMARY OF APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE AND INTRODUCTIONS TO GERMAN ROMANCE.

UNCOUNTED number and variety of German Novelwriters: Difficulty of making an adequate selection: Chief modes of German Novelwriting. National peculiarities and cosmopolitan vacuity. The light of a small taper may be useful in total darkness. Difficulties of German little more than a bugbear: Its general diffusion among us not far distant. (p. 91).

MUSÆUS.

Born at Jena. A boy of quick talents and kind lively temper: Adopted and liberally educated by his uncle. Removes to Eisenach. Intended for the Church: Not acceptable as a pastor. His residence at Eisenach not unprofitable: In his twenty-fifth year he became an author; provoked thereto by the unbounded acceptance of our English Richardson: Success of his *German Grandison*, published anonymously. He longed much less for a literary existence, than for a civic one: Became Tutor in the Court of Weimar; married; increased his income by giving private lessons; and grew and waxed strong in contented obscurity. After an interval of nineteen years his iconoclastic faculty was again called forth: His *Physiognomical Travels:* The applause it gained instant and general: The ground was now broken, and he was not long in digging deeper. The rude traditionary fragments of Germany he worked anew into shape and polish: He spared no pains in collecting his materials; and despised no source of intelligence, however mean. His *Volksmährchen;* its comic humour, levity and kind sceptical derision: Lovers of unadulterated primeval poetry may censure Musæus; but they join with the public at large in reading him. His subsequent works; and death. (p. 89).—Without much effort he stood aloof from every species of cant: He looked upon the world as little else than a boundless Chase, where the wise were to recreate themselves with the hunting of Follies: He could not reverence men; but with all their faults he loved them. He kept himself unspotted from the errors of his time; a merit which posterity is too apt to underrate. Peculiarities of his style: A man of fine and varied talent, but scarcely of any genius. (99).

Friedrich De la Motte Fouqué.

Fouqué's family of French extraction: His grandfather in high favour with Frederick the Great. Little known of Fouqué's early history. The misfortunes of his country drove him into retirement: Introduced by Schlegel to the study of Spanish poetry: An ideal of Christian knighthood continually hovered round his fancy. His literary performances all of a chivalry cast. (p. 102).—His wife a virtuous and gifted woman of kindred genius. In the contest of Prussia with Napoleon he evinced in actual battle the devout and fervid gallantry which he had so often previously delineated in his writings. A pure sensitive heart deeply reverent of Truth and Beauty and Heroic Virtue; and a delicate hand in picturing forth some few forms of these high qualities: To wed that old *sentiment* to modern *thoughts*, was a task he could not attempt. In mental structure, Fouqué seems the converse of Musäus. Lightness and simplicity the chief characteristics of his style: The little Tale of *Aslauga's Knight* some tolerable emblem of his peculiar qualities. (104).

Ludwig Tieck.

Born at Berlin: His private life little known. His literary life he began in his twenty-second year: Immature products of a strong and fervid genius: Active and positive Goodness soon displaced mere barren and tormenting negatives. His *Volksmährchen* of the most varied character, teeming with wondrous shapes full of meaning; true modern denizens of the old Fairyland. By this work he was first introduced to the notice of his countrymen: His *Der gestiefelte Kater*, a grotesque and hearty satire on the existing aspect of literature. Numerous parodies and lighter pieces: *Letters on Shakspeare*. Marriage. Becomes acquainted with the two Schlegels, Novalis and Wackenroder: Literary coöperation: New School of Poetry. (p. 107).—Tieck's frequent change of residence: Journey into Italy: Visit to London. His poetic worth: A gay Southern fancy lives in union with a Northern heart: Chaste simplicity, both in conception and style: His *Blaubart*, a group of earnest figures, painted on a laughing ground. In the province of the *Mährchen*, or popular Traditionary Tale, he reigns without a rival. (111).

E. T. W. Hoffmann.

A life full of error and perplexed vicissitude. Born at Königsberg: His parents' ill-assorted union, and separation: Remains with his mother. An uncle takes strenuous charge of his education; but cannot take stock of his character. Unwise indulgence more hurtful than leaden constraint. Days of bedlam jubilee: Successful cunning: Early friendship. Schooling: Music and painting more to his taste than classical studies Steady preparation for the legal profession. His leisure occupied with music, painting and unsuccessful literary efforts. Entanglements of a love-affair. Quits Königsberg, and proceeds to Great Glogau in Silesia. Tedium and other spiritual maladies: Leaves Silesia for Berlin: Appointed Assessor of the Court of Posen: Removes to Poland. He was now director of his own actions; and unhappily did not direct them well: Habits of irregularity: A practical joke, and consequent banishment to Plozk. Marriage: Domestic peace and offi-

cial assiduity: Promoted from Plozk to Warsaw. The Polish capital a vast perpetual masquerade to him. Intimacy with Hitzig. Project of erecting a Musical Institution: Hoffmann among the paint-pots. (p. 114). —The project prospered beyond expectation, till abruptly terminated by the French armies A sad enough outlook: Visits Berlin in quest of employment. Death of his little daughter; his wife dangerously ill: At last obtains an engagement with the managers of the Bamberg stage. Contradiction and disappointment. Commences writing for the *Musicalische Zeitung*. Engagement at Dresden: His life chequered by harder vicissitudes than ever. The revolution of Europe restored to him his former rights of office at Berlin. His situation, after all his buffetings, was now a happy one; and, had he been wise, might have continued so. His sharp temper, transcendent vanity and reckless satire, disqualified him for society; yet he could not do without it: The enjoyment he sought was only to be found at the tavern, among gay laughter-loving topers. His official duties were to the last punctually and irreproachably performed: and he wrote more abundantly than ever. Meanwhile his health at length gave way; and he died a mournful and lingering death; writing, or dictating to an amanuensis to the last. (119.—Hoffmann's was a mind for which proper culture might have done great things. He loved Art with a deep, but scarcely with a pure love; not as the fountain of Beauty, but as the fountain of refined Enjoyment. His head was forever swarming with beautiful or horrible chimeras. A good or a wise man we must not call him; but, among the ordinary population of this world, to note him with the mark of reprobation were ungrateful and unjust. His genius formed the most important element of his character, and participated in its faults. As a child of his time and his country, he is not to be overlooked in any survey of German Literature. (123).

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

Richter called from his earthly sojourn since the commencement of his Translator's little task. The materials for his Biography as yet inaccessible. Birth and parentage: Destined for the clerical profession; but preferred literature. Finally settled in Bayreuth: Domestic peace and happiness. His intellectual labours gained him the esteem and love of all ranks of his countrymen. He wrote and thought in a track entirely his own. Not to be understood by a mere cursory perusal. Singularity not always affectation. His works hard to understand: but always have a meaning, and often a true and deep one. (p 126) —An impetuous, colossal spirit: Among his gifts, Imagination and Humour the most striking. His Humour as the balm which a generous spirit pours over the wounds of life. His favourite characters have always a dash of the ridiculous in their circumstances or their compositions In the treatment of heroes proper he is seldom completely happy. Richter a Western Oriental. Few have known the world better, or taken at once a clearer and a kindlier view of its concerns. Nature in all her scenes and manifestations he loved with a deep, almost passionate love. His belief of man's Immortality the sanctuary and solace of his spirit. (129) His multifarious and seemingly incongruous Works. To many English readers, a spirit like Richter's cannot but be warmly welcome. (133).

Goethe.

Goethe's Autobiography. Born at Frankfort on the Mayn, 28th August 1749. Favourable circumstances of his family: Healthy, genuine characters of his parents. Destined for the profession of law, could but the ambition of wealth and official celebrity have adequately inspired him Brightest and blackest forecastings struggling within. His true destination a life of literature: *Götz von Berlichingen*, and *Sorrows of Werter*. Goethe's unlooked-for popularity far from affording him the satisfaction he craved: Anxiety, doubt of any sort, can only be removed by Action. (p. 136).—His connexion with the Court of Weimar. Diversity of his studies and acquisitions: Literary labours A universal development of our spiritual nature, more precious than the solace of our vanity. German Philistines. Goethe's mental faculties ripened and beautified by the advance of age. (139).—A King of himself and of his world. He has inquired fearlessly; and, while fearlessly denying the false, has not forgotten to search out and admit the true: His assiduous culture proportionate to the bountifulness of his gifts: Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. This also is the spirit of our Shakspeare. (144).—Goethe *not* a German Voltaire: His province high and peculiar. The angels and demons that can lay prostrate our hearts in the nineteenth century, must be of another fashion than those which subdued us in the ninth. In Goethe a new world, of Earnestness and Sport, begins to open before us. Inconsistencies and shortcomings (146).—*Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* has less relation to Fielding's *Tom Jones* than to Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. Goethe's reception by English readers. Our own literature peopled with kingly intellects and hearts. A new Poet, and Preacher of Truth to all men. (149).

II.

FRACTIONS.

Tragedy of the Night-Moth.

Waking sympathies between Moths and Bookworms. The fount of Life, and abyss of Danger: A tiny tragedy. Mystic resemblances. What gained we, little moth? (p. 151).

Cui Bono.

What is Hope? What is Life? What is Man? (p. 152).

Four Fables.

1. A Radical Reform successfully accomplished. 2. March of Intellect, and general scientific achievements of the utilitarian Squirt. 3. Before we try to force Providence to 'an alternative,' it were wise to consider *what* the alternative might be. 4. The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. (p. 153).

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Earth's bounteous coöperation with the labours of her children. (p. 154).

ADIEU.

The past may be forever present ; and the saddest tears must fall away. (p. 155).

THE BEETLE.

A new claimant for Public Sympathy, and the benefits of the Poor-Laws. The 'chief of wonders' common to the lowliest Beetle and the loftiest Peer. (156).

TO-DAY.

Each New Day a new glimpse into Eternity ; and a new offer of eternal possibilities. (p. 157).

FORTUNA.

The weariest heart may find something to be thankful for ; and only a dastard can really come to evil. The journey of life. (p. 157).

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE, AND INTRODUCTIONS, TO THE BOOK CALLED "GERMAN ROMANCE."

THIS was a Book of Translations, not of my suggesting or desiring, but of my executing as honest journeywork in defect of better; produced at Edinburgh in 1827. The nature of which, and the Titles of the Pieces selected, will sufficiently appear as we go on. The Pieces selected were the suitablest discoverable on such terms: not quite of *less* than no worth (I considered), any Piece of them; nor, alas, of a very high worth any, except one only. Four of these lots, or quotas to the adventure, Musäus's, Tieck's, Richter's, Goethe's, will be given in the final stage of this Series: the rest we willingly leave, afloat or stranded, as waste driftwood, to those whom they may farther concern. (*Note of* 1857.)

PREFACE TO GERMAN ROMANCE.[1]

[1827.]

IT were unhappy for me if the reader should expect in this Work any full view of so complex a subject as German Novelwriting, or of so motley a body as the German Novelwriters. The dead wall, which divides us from this as from all other provinces of German Literature, I must not dream that I have anywhere overturned: at the most, I may have perforated it with a few loopholes, of narrow aperture truly, and scanty range; through which, however, a studious eye may perhaps discern some limited, but, as I hope, genuine and distinctive features of the singular country, which, on the other side, has long flourished in such abundant variety of intellectual scenery and product, and been unknown to us, though at our very hand. For this wall, what is the worst property in such walls, is to most of us an invisible one; and our eye rests contentedly on Vacancy, or distorted *Fatamorganas*, where a great and

[1] *German Romance: Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices.* In Four Volumes. (Edinburgh, 1827.)

true-minded people have been living and labouring, in the light of Science and Art, for many ages.

In such an undertaking as the present, fragmentary in its very nature, it is not absolute, but only relative completeness, that can be looked for. German Novelwriters are easily come at; but *the* German Novelwriters are a class of persons whom no prudent editor will hope to exhibit, and no reader will engage to examine, even in the briefest mode of specimen. To say nothing of what has been accumulated in past generations, the number of Novelists at present alive and active is to be reckoned not in units, but in thousands. No Leipzig Fair is unattended by its mob of gentlemen that write with ease; each duly offering his new novel, among the other fancy-goods and fustians of that great emporium. Lafontaine, for example, has already passed his hundredth volume. The inspirations of the Artist are rare and transient, but the hunger of the Manufacturer is universal and incessant. The novel, too, is among the simplest forms of composition; a free arena for all sorts and degrees of talent, and may be worked in equally by a Henry Fielding and a Doctor Polydore. In Germany, accordingly, as in other countries, the Novelists are a mixed, innumerable, and most productive race. Interspersed with a few Poets, we behold whole legions and hosts of Poetasters, in all stages of worthlessness; here languishing in the transports of Sentimentality, there dancing the St. Vitus' dance of hard-studied Wit and Humour; some soaring on bold pinion into the thundery regions of *Atala, ou les Amours de deux Sauvages;* some diving, on as bold fin, into the gory profundities of *Frankenstein* and *The Vampyre;* and very many travelling, contented in spirit, the ancient beaten highway of Commonplace.

To discover the grain of truth among this mass of falsehood, especially where Time had not yet exercised its separating influence, was no plain problem; nor can I flatter myself either that I have exhausted the search, or in no case been deceived in my selection. The strength of German Literature does not lie in its Novelwriters; few of its greatest minds have put forth their full power in this department; many of them, of course, have not attempted it at all. In the seventeenth century, and prior, there was nothing whatever to be gleaned; though Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, had laid aside his sceptre, to write a novel,[1] in six thousand eight hundred and twenty-two pages. Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, in the eighteenth century, wrote no novels: the same might almost be said of Schiller; for his fragment

[1] *Die Durchlauchtigste Syrerin Aramena* (Her Most Serene Majesty Aramena of Syria), 1669. On the whole, it is simple enough of our Magazines to inform us that the literature, nay sometimes it is also the language, of Germany, began to be cultivated in the time of Frederick II. If the names of Hutten, Opitz, Lohenstein, &c. &c. are naturally unknown to us, we ought really to have heard of Luther. Nay, was not *Jacob Böhme* rendered into huge folios, with incomparable diagrams, in the time of James I.? And is not Hans Sachs known (by name at least) to all barbers?

of the *Geisterseher* (Ghost-seer), and his Magazine-story of the *Verbrecher aus Verlorener Ehre* (Criminal from Loss of Honour), youthful attempts, and both I believe already in English, scarcely form an exception. The elder Jacobi's *Woldemar* and *Allwill* I was forced, not without consciousness of their merits, to pass over as too abstruse and didactic; for a like reason of didacticness, though in a far different sense, Wieland could afford me nothing which seemed worthy of himself and our present idea of him; and Klinger's *Faust*, the product evidently of a rugged, vehement, substantial mind, seemed much too harsh, infernal, and unpoetical for English readers. Of Novalis and his wondrous fragments, I could not hope that their depth and wizard beauty would be seen across their mysticism. Other meritorious names I may have omitted, from ignorance. Maler Müller's I was obliged to omit, because none of his fictions were, properly speaking, novels; and unwillingly obliged, for his plays and idyls bespeak a true artist; and the English reader would do well, by the earliest opportunity, to substitute the warm and vigorous *Adam's Awakening* of Müller, for Gessner's rather faint and washy *Death of Abel*, in forming a judgment of the German Idyl.

A graver objection than that of omissions, is that, in my selections, I have not always fixed upon the best performance of my author; and to this I have unhappily no contradiction to give, nor any answer to make, except that it lay not in the nature of my task to avoid it; and that often not the excellence of a work, but the humble considerations of its size, its subject, and its being untranslated, had to determine my choice. In justice to our strangers, the reader will be pleased to bear this fact in mind: with regard to two of them, to Fouqué and Richter, it is especially necessary.

By a secondary arrangement, in surveying what seemed the chief names among the German Novelwriters, we have also obtained a view of the chief modes of German Novelwriting. The *Mährchen* (Popular Tale), a favourite, almost tritical topic among the Germans, is here twice handled; in what may be called the prosaic manner (by Musäus), and in the poetical (by Tieck). Of the *Ritterroman* (Chivalry Romance) there is also a specimen (by Fouqué); a short one, yet I fear, in many judgments, too long. Hoffmann's *Golden Pot* belongs to a strange sort (the Fantasy-piece), of which he himself was the originator, and which its sedulous cultivation, by minds more willing than able, bids fair, in no great length of time, to explode. Richter's two works correspond to our common English notion of the Novel; and Goethe's is a *Kunstroman* (Art-novel), a species highly prized by the Germans, and of which *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, the first in date, is also in their mind greatly the first in excellence.

If the reader will impress himself with a clear view of these six kinds; and then conceive some hundreds of persons incessantly occupied in imitating, compounding, separating, distorting, exaggerating, diluting

them, he may have formed as correct an idea of the actual state of German Novelwriting, as it seemed easy with such means to afford him. On the general merits and characteristics of these works, it is for the reader and not me to pass judgment. One thing it will behove him not to lose sight of: They are German Novelists, not English ones; and their Germanhood I have all along regarded as a quality, not as a fault. To expect, therefore, that the style of them shall accord in all points with our English taste, were to expect that it should be a false and hollow style. Every nation has its own form of character and life; and the mind which gathers no nourishment from the everyday circumstances of its existence, will in general be but scantily nourished. Of writers that hover on the confines of faultless vacuity, that write not by vision but by hearsay, and so belong to all nations, or, more properly speaking, to none, there is no want in Germany more than in any other country. It would be easy to fill, not four, but four hundred volumes with German Novelists of this unblamable description; thereby to refresh the reader with long processions of spotless romances, bright and stately, like so many frontispieces in *La Belle Assemblée*, with cheeks of the fairest carnation, lips of the gentlest curvature, and most perfect Grecian noses, and no shade of character or meaning to mar their pure idealness. But so long as our Minerva Press and its many branch-establishments do their duty, to import ware of that sort into these Islands seems unnecessary.

On the whole, as the light of a very small taper may be useful in total darkness, I have sometimes hoped that this little enterprise might assist, in its degree, to forward an acquaintance with the Germans and their literature; a literature and a people both well worthy of our study. Translations, in this point of view, can be of little avail, except in so far as they excite us to a much more general study of the language. The difficulties of German are little more than a bugbear: they can only be compared to those of Greek by persons claiming praise or pudding for having mastered them. Three months of moderate diligence will carry any man, almost without assistance of a master, over its prime obstacles; and the rest is play rather than labour.

To judge from the signs of the times, this general diffusion of German among us seems a consummation not far distant. As an individual, I cannot but anticipate from it some little evil and much good; and look forward with pleasure to the time when a people who have listened with the most friendly placidity to criticisms[1] of the slenderest nature from us, may be more fitly judged of; and thirty millions of

[1] Voltaire's patronising letter to Ramler in which he condescends to grant the Germans some privileges of literary citizenship, on the strength of "Monsieur Gottched" (Gottsched long ago acknowledged as the true German Antichrist of Wit), is still held in remembrance; so likewise is the Père Boucours' extremely satirical inquiry, *Si les Allemands peuvent avoir de l'esprit?*

men, speaking in the same old Saxon tongue, and thinking in the same old Saxon spirit with ourselves, may be admitted to the rights of brotherhood which they have long deserved, and which it is we chiefly that suffer by withholding.

MUSÆUS.

JOHANN AUGUST MUSÆUS was born in the year 1735, at Jena, where his father then held the office of Judge. The quick talents, and kind lively temper of the boy, recommended him to the affection of his uncle, Herr Weissenborn, Superintendent at Allstadt, who took him to his house, and treated him in all respects like a son. Johann was then in his ninth year: a few months afterwards, his uncle was promoted to the post of General Superintendent at Eisenach; a change which did not alter the domestic condition of the nephew, though it replaced him in the neighbourhood of his parents; for his father had also been transferred to Eisenach, in the capacity of Councillor and Police Magistrate. With this hospitable relative he continued till his nineteenth year.

Old Weissenborn had no children of his own, and he determined that his foster-child should have a liberal education. In due time he placed him at the University of Jena, as a student of theology. It is not likely that the inclinations of the youth himself had been particularly consulted in this arrangement; nevertheless he appears to have studied with sufficient diligence; for in the usual period of three years and a half, he obtained his degree of Master, and what was then a proof of more than ordinary merit, was elected a member of the *German Society*. With these titles, and the groundwork of a solid culture, he returned to Eisenach, to wait for an appointment in the Church, of which he was now licentiate.

For several years, though he preached with ability, and not without approval, no appointment presented itself; and when at last a country-living in the neighbourhood of Eisenach was offered him, the people stoutly resisted the admission of their new pastor, on the ground, says his Biographer, that "he had once been seen dancing." It may be, however, that the sentence of the peasants was not altogether so infirm as this its alleged very narrow basis would betoken; judging from external circumstances, it by no means appears that devotion was at any time the chief distinction of the new candidate; and to a simple rustic flock, his shining talents, unsupported by zeal, would be empty and unprofitable, as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. At all events, this hindrance closed his theological career: it came in good season to withdraw him from a calling, in which, whether willingly or unwillingly adopted, his history must have been dishonest and contemptible, and his gifts could never have availed him.

Musäus had now lost his profession; but his resources were not limited to one department of activity, and he was still young enough to choose another. His temper was gay and kindly; his faculties of mind were brilliant, and had now been improved by years of steady industry. His residence at Eisenach had not been spent in scrutinising the phases of church preferment, or dancing attendance on patrons and dignitaries: he had stored his mind with useful and ornamental knowledge; and from his remote watchtower, his keen eye had discerned the movements of the world, and firm judgments of its wisdom and its folly were gathering form in his thoughts. In his twenty-fifth year he became an author; a satirist, and what is rarer, a just one. Germany, by the report of its enemies and lukewarm friends, is seldom long without some Idol; some author of superhuman endowments, some system that promises to renovate the earth, some science destined to conduct, by a north-west passage, to universal knowledge. At this period, the Brazen Image of the day was our English Richardson; his novels had been translated into German with unbounded acceptance;[1] and *Grandison* was figuring in many weak heads as the sole model of a true Christian gentleman. Musäus published his *German Grandison* in 1760; a work of good omen as a first attempt, and received with greater favour than the popularity of its victim seemed to promise. It coöperated with Time in removing this spiritual epidemic; and appears to have survived its object, for it was reprinted in 1781.

The success of his anonymous parody, however gratifying to the youthful author, did not tempt him to disclose his name, and still less to think of literature as a profession. With his cool, sceptical temper, he was little liable to over-estimate his talents, or the prizes set up for them; and he longed much less for a literary existence than for a civic one. In 1763, his wish. to a certain extent, was granted: he became Tutor of the Pages in the court of Weimar; which office, after seven punctual and laborious years, he exchanged for a professorship in the *Gymnasium*, or public school of the same town. He had now married; and amid the cares and pleasures of providing for a family, and keeping house like an honest burgher, the dreams of fame had faded still farther from his mind. The emoluments of his post were small; but his heart was light, and his mind humble: to increase his income, he gave private lessons in history and the like, "to young ladies and gentlemen of quality;" and for several years took charge of a few boarders The names of Wieland and Goethe had now risen on the world, while his own was still under the horizon: but this obscurity, enjoying as he did the kind esteem of all his many personal acquaintances, he felt to be a very light evil; and participated without envy in whatever entertainment or instruction his famed contemporaries could afford him.

[1] See the Letters of Meta, Klopstock's lady, in *Richardson's Life and Correspondence*.

With literature he still occupied his leisure; he had read and reflected much; but for any public display of his acquirements, he was making no preparation, and feeling no anxiety.

After an interval of nineteen years, the appearance of a new idol again called forth his iconoclastic faculty. Lavater had left his parsonage among the Alps, and set out on a cruise over Europe, in search of proselytes and striking physiognomies. His theories, supported by his personal influence, and the honest rude ardour of his character, became the rage in Germany; and men, women, and children were immersed in promoting philanthropy, and studying the human mind. Whereupon Musäus grasped his satirical hammer; and with lusty strokes defaced and unshrined the false divinity. His *Physiognomical Travels*, which appeared in 1779, is still ranked by the German critics among the happiest productions of its kind in their literature; and still read for its wit and acuteness, and genial, overflowing humour, though the object it attacked has long ago become a reminiscence. At the time of its publication, when everything conspired to give its qualities their full effect, the applause it gained was instant and general. The author had, as in the former case, concealed his name: but the public curiosity soon penetrated the secret, which he had now no interest in keeping; and Musäus was forthwith enrolled among the lights of his day and generation; and courteous readers crowded to him from far and near, to see his face, and pay him the tribute of their admiration. This unlooked for celebrity he valued at its just price; continuing to live as if it were not; gratified chiefly in his character of father, at having found an honest mean of improving his domestic circumstances, and enlarging the comforts of his family. The ground was now broken, and he was not long in digging deeper.

The popular traditions of Germany, so numerous and often so impressive, had attracted his attention; and their rugged Gothic vigour, saddened into sternness or venerable grace by the flight of ages, became dearer to his taste, as he looked abroad upon the mawkish deluge of Sentimentality, with which *The Sorrows of Werter* had been the innocent signal for a legion of imitators to drown the land. The spirit of German imagination seemed but ill represented by these tearful persons, who, if their hearts were full, minded little though their heads were empty: their spasmodic tenderness made no imposing figure beside the gloomy strength, which might still in fragments be discerned in their distant predecessors. Of what has been preserved from age to age by living memory alone, the chance is that it possesses some intrinsic merit: its very existence declares it to be adapted to some form of our common nature, and therefore calculated more or less to interest all its forms. It struck Musäus that these rude traditionary fragments might be worked anew into shape and polish, and transferred from the hearths of the common people to the parlours of the intellectual and

refined. He determined on forming a series of *Volksmährchen*, or Popular Traditionary Tales; a task of more originality and smaller promise in those days than it would be now. In the collection of materials, he spared no pains; and despised no source of intelligence, however mean. He would call children from the street; become a child along with them, listen to their nursery tales, and reward his tiny narrators with a *dreyer* apiece. Sometimes he assembled a knot of old women, with their spinning-wheels, about him; and amid the hum of their industrious implements, gathered stories of the ancient time from the lips of the garrulous sisterhood. Once his wife had been out paying visits: on opening the parlour-door, at her return, she was met by a villanous cloud of tobacco-smoke; and, venturing forward through the haze, she found her husband seated by the stove, in company with an old soldier, who was smoking vehemently on his black stump of a pipe, and charming his landlord, between whiffs, with legendary lore.

The *Volksmährchen*, in five little volumes, appeared in 1782. They soon rose into favour with a large class of readers; and while many generations of novels have since that time been ushered into being and conducted out of it, they still survive, increasing in popularity rather than declining. This pre-eminence is owing less to the ancient materials, than to the author's way of treating them. The primitive tradition often serves him only as a vehicle for interesting description, shrewd, sarcastic speculation, and gay fanciful pleasantry, extending its allusions over all things past and present, now rising into comic humour, now sinking into drollery, often tasteless, strained, or tawdry, but never dull. The traces of poetry and earnest imagination, here and there discernible in the original fiction, he treats with levity and kind sceptical derision: nothing is required of the reader but what all readers are prepared to give. Since the publication of this work, the subject of popular tradition has been handled to triteness; *Volksmährchen* have been written and collected without stint or limit; and critics, in admitting that Musäus was the first to open this mine of entertainment, have lamented the incongruity between his subject and his style. But the faculty of laughing has been given to all men, and the feeling of imaginative beauty has been given only to a few: the lovers of primeval poetry, in its unadulterated state, may censure Musäus; but they join with the public at large in reading him.

This book of *Volksmährchen* established the character of its author for wit and general talent, and forms the chief support of his reputation with posterity. A few years after, he again appeared before the public with a humorous performance, entitled *Friend Hein's Apparitions, in the style of Holberg*, printed in 1785. *Friend Hein* is a name under which Musäus, for what reason his commentator Wieland seems unable to inform us, usually personifies Death: the essay itself, which I have never seen, may be less irreverent and offensive to pious feeling

than its title indicates, and it is said to abound with "wit, humour and knowledge of life," as much as any of his former works. He had also begun a second series of Tales, under the title of *Straussfedern* (Ostrich-feathers): but only the first volume had appeared, when death put a period to his labours. He had long been in weakly health; often afflicted with violent headaches: his disorder was a polypus of the heart, which cut him off on the 28th of October, 1787, in the fifty-second year of his age. The *Straussfedern* was completed by another hand; and a small volume of *Remains*, edited by Kotzebue in 1791, concludes the list of his writings. A simple but tasteful memorial, we are told, was erected over his grave by some unknown friend.

Musäus was a practical believer in the Horatian maxim, *Nil admirari:* of a jovial heart, and a penetrating, well-cultivated understanding, he saw things as they were, and had little disposition or aptitude to invest them with any colours but their own. Without much effort, therefore, he stood aloof from every species of cant; and *was* the man he thought himself, and wished others to think him. Had his temper been unsocial and melancholic, such a creed might have rendered him spiteful, narrow and selfish: but nature had been kinder to him than education; he did not quarrel with the world, though he saw its barrenness, and knew not how to make it solemn any more than lovely; for his heart was gay and kind; and an imperturbable good-humour, more potent than a panoply of brass, defended him from the stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune to the end of his pilgrimage. Few laughers have walked so circumspectly, and acquired or merited so much affection. By profession a Momus, he looked upon the world as little else than a boundless Chase, where the wise were to recreate themselves with the hunting of Follies; and perhaps he is the only satirist on record of whom it can be said, that his jesting never cost him a friend. His humour is, indeed, untinctured with bitterness; sportful, ebullient and guileless as the frolics of a child. He could not reverence men; but with all their faults he loved them; for they were his brethren, and their faults were not clearer to him than his own. He inculcated or entertained no lofty principles of generosity; yet though never rich in purse, he was always ready to divide his pittance with a needier fellowman. Of vanity, he showed little or none: in obscurity he was contented; and when his honours came, he wore them meekly, and was the last to see that they were merited. In society he was courteous and yielding; a universal favourite; in his chosen circle, the most fascinating of companions. From the slenderest trifle he could spin a boundless web of drollery; and his brilliant mirth enlivened without wounding. With the foibles of others, he abstained from meddling; but among his friends, we are informed, he could for hours keep the table in a roar, when, with his dry inimitable vein, he started some banter on himself or his wife; and, in trustful abandonment, laid the

reins on the neck of his fancy to pursue it. Without enthusiasm of character, or any pretension to high or even earnest qualities, he was a well-conditioned, laughter-loving, kindly man; led a gay, jestful life; conquering by contentment and mirth of heart the long series of difficulties and distresses with which it assailed him; and died regretted by his nation, as a forwarder of harmless pleasure; and, by those that knew him better, as a truthful, unassuming, affectionate, and, on the whole, very estimable person.

His intellectual character corresponds with his moral and social one; not high or glorious, but genuine so far as it goes. He does not approach the first rank of writers; he attempts not to deal with the deeper feelings of the heart; and for instructing the judgment he ranks rather as a sound, well-informed, common-sense thinker than as a man of high wisdom or originality. He advanced few new truths, but he dressed many old ones in sprightly apparel; and it ought to be remembered, that he kept himself unspotted from the errors of his time; a merit which posterity is apt to underrate; for nothing seems more stolid than a past delusion; and we forget that delusions, destined also to be past, are now present with ourselves, about us and within us, which, were the task so easy, it is pity that we do not forthwith convict and cast away. Musäus had a quick, vigorous intellect, a keen eye for the common forms of the beautiful, a fancy ever prompt with allusions, and an overflowing store of sprightly and benignant humour. These natural gifts he had not neglected to cultivate by study both of books and things; his reading distinguishes him even in Germany; nor does he bear it about him like an ostentatious burden, but in the shape of spiritual strength and plenty derived from it. As an author, his beauties and defects are numerous and easily discerned. His style sparkles with metaphors, sometimes just and beautiful, often new and surprising; but it is laborious, unnatural, and diffuse. Of his humour, his distinguishing gift, it may be remarked, that it seems copious rather than fine, and originates rather in the understanding than in the character: his heart is not delicate, or his affections tender; but he loves the ludicrous with true passion; and seeing keenly, if he feels obtusely, he can choose with sufficient skill the point of view from which his object shall appear distorted, as he requires it This is the humour of a Swift or a Voltaire, but not of a Cervantes, or even of a Sterne in his best passages; it may produce a *Zadig* or a *Battle of the Books;* but not a *Don Quixote* or a *Corporal Trim.* Musäus is, in fact, no poet; he can see, and describe with rich graces what he sees; but he is nothing, or very little of a Maker His imagination is not powerless: it is like a bird of feeble wing, which can fly from tree to tree; but never soars for a moment into the æther of Poetry, to bathe in its serene splendour, with the region of the Actual lying far below, and brightened into beauty by radiance not its own. He is a man of fine and varied talent, but scarcely of any genius.

These characteristics are apparent enough in his Popular Tales ; they may be traced even in the few specimens of that work, by which he is now introduced to the English reader. As has been already stated, his *Volksmährchen* exhibit himself much better than his subject. He is not admitted by his critics to have seized the finest spirit of this species of fiction, or turned it to the account of which it is capable in other hands. Whatever was austere or earnest, still more, whatever bordered upon awe or horror, his riant fancy rejected with aversion: the rigorous moral sometimes hid in these traditions, the grim lines of primeval feeling and imagination to be traced in them had no charms for him. These ruins of the remote time he has not attempted to complete into a perfect edifice, according to the first simple plan; he has rather pargetted them anew, and decorated them with the most modern ornaments and furniture ; and he introduces his guests, with a roguish smile at the strange, antic contrast they are to perceive between the movables and the apartment. Sometimes he rises into a flight of simple eloquence, and for a sentence or two, seems really beautiful and affecting ; but the knave is always laughing in his sleeve at our credulity, and returns with double relish to riot at will in his favourite domain.

Of the three Tales here offered to the reader,[1] nothing need be said in explanation : for their whole significance, with all their beauties and blemishes, lies very near the surface. I have selected them, as specimens at once of his manner and his materials ; in the hope, that, conveying some impression of a gifted and favourite writer, they may furnish a little entertainment both to the lovers of intellectual novelty, and of innocent amusement. To neither can I promise very much : Musäus is a man of sterling powers, but no literary monster ; and his Tales, though smooth and glittering, are cold ; they have beauty, yet it is the beauty not of living forms, but of well-proportioned statues. Meanwhile, I have given him as I found him, endeavouring to copy faithfully ; changing nothing, whether I might think it good or bad, that my skill enabled me to keep unchanged. With all drawbacks, I anticipate some favour for him : but his case admits no pleading ; being clear by its own light, it must stand or fall by a first judgment, and without the help of advocates.

FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué is of French extraction, but distinguished for the true Germanism of his character, both as a writer and a man ; and ranks, for the last twenty years, among the most popular and productive authors of his country.

[1] 1. *Dumb Love ;* 2. *Libussa ;* 3. *Melechsala.*

His family, expelled from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, appears to have settled at the Hague; from which this branch of it was transferred to Prussia by the fortunes of our Author's grandfather, whose name and title the present Baron has inherited. This first Friedrich, born in the early part of last century, had been sent in boyhood to the Court of Anhalt Dessau, in the character of Page: he soon quitted this station; entered the Prussian army as a private volunteer; by merit, or recommendation, was gradually advanced; and became acquainted with the Prince Royal, then a forlorn, oppressed and discontented youth, but destined afterwards to astonish and convulse the world, under the name of Frederick the Great. Young La Motte stood in high favour with Frederick; and seems likewise to have shown some prudence in humouring the jealous temper of the old King; for during the Prince's arrest, which had followed his projected elopement from paternal tuition, the royal Shylock, instead of beheading La Motte, as he had treated poor De Catt, permitted him to visit the disconsolate prisoner, and without molestation to do him kind offices. On his accession to the throne, Frederick the King did not fail, in this instance, to remember the debts of Frederick the Prisoner: the friend of his youth continued to be the friend of his manhood and age; La Motte rose rapidly from post to post in the army, till, having gained the rank of General, he had opportunity, by various gallant services in the Seven-Years' War, to secure the prosperity of his household, and earn for himself a place in the military history of his new country. With his Sovereign he continued in a kindly and honest relation throughout his whole life. His Letters, preserved in Frederick's Works, are a proof that he was not only favoured but esteemed: the imperious King is said to have respected his upright and truthful nature; and, though himself a sceptic and a scoffer, never to have interfered in word or deed with the piety and strict religious persuasions of his servant. The General became the founder of that Prussian family, which has since acquired a new and fairer distinction in the person of his grandson.

The present Friedrich, our Author, was born on the 11th of February, 1777. Of his early history or habits we have no account, except that he was educated by Hülse; and soon sent to the army as an officer in the Royal Guards. In this capacity he served, during his nineteenth year, in the disastrous campaign of the Rhine. One of his brother-officers and intimates here was Heinrich von Kleist, a noble-minded and ill-fated man of genius, whom the mismanagement of a too impetuous and feeling heart has since driven to suicide, before the world had sufficiently reaped the bright promise of his early years.

The misfortunes of his country drove Fouqué back into retirement: while Prussia languished in hopeless degradation under the iron sway of France, he kept himself apart from military life; settled in the

country, and hanging up his ineffectual sword, devoted himself to domestic cares and joys, and in the Kingdoms of Imagination sought refuge from the aspect of actual oppression and distress. Of a temper susceptible lively and devout, his faculties had been quickened by communion with kindred minds; and still more by collision with the vast events which had filled the world with astonishment, and his portion of it with darkness and obstruction. At this juncture, while contemplating a literary life, it was doubtless a circumstance of no small influence on his future efforts that he became acquainted with August Wilhelm Schlegel. By Schlegel he was introduced to the study of Spanish Poetry; a fact from which a skilful theoriser might plausibly enough deduce the whole psychological history of Fouqué; for it seems as if the beautiful and wondrous spirit of this literature, so fervent yet so joyful, so solemn yet so full of blandishment, with its warlike piety, and gay chivalrous pomp, had taken entire possession of his mind, and moulded his unsettled powers into the form which they have ever since retained. One thing, at all events, is clear without help of theory: An ideal of Christian Knighthood, whencesoever borrowed or derived, has all along, with more or less distinctness, hovered round his fancy; and this it has been the constant task not only of his pen to represent in poetical delineations, but also of his life to realise in external conduct. As to its origin, whether in the poetry of Spain, or in the perplexities of a suffering and religious life, or in the French Revolution and its reaction on a temper abhorrent of its material principles, or in any or all of these causes, it were unprofitable to inquire; for the problem is of no vital importance, and we have not data for even an approximate solution.

Fouqué published his first works under the pseudonym of Pelegrin: he translated the *Numancia* of Cervantes; he wrote *Sigurd*, *Alwin*, *The History of Ritter Galmy:* a small volume of *Dramatic Tales* was published for him by his friend Schlegel. These performances are all of a chivalry cast; attempts to body forth the sentiment with which our Author's mind was already almost exclusively pervaded. Their success was incomplete; sufficient to indicate their object, but not to attain it. The models which he had in view seem still to have awed and overshadowed his poetic faculty; his productions have a southern exotic aspect; and in the opinion of his critics, it is only in glimpses that a genuine inspiration can be discerned in them. *Der Held des Nordens* (The Hero of the North), a dramatic work in three parts, grounded on the story of the *Niebelungen Lied*, was the first performance sent forth in his own name; and also the first which showed his genius in its own form, or produced any deep impression on the public. This work was acknowledged to be of true northern growth: it found applauding readers, and had the honour to be criticised in the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher*, by no meaner a person than Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, who

bestowed on the poet the surname of *Der Tapfere*, or *The Valiant*, in allusion to the quality which seemed to be the soul of his own character, and of the characters which he portrayed.

The ground thus gained, La Motte Fouqué has not been negligent to make good and extend. Since the date of his first appearance, year after year has duly added its tribute of volumes to the list of his works; he has written in verse and prose, in narrative and representation; his productions varying in form through all the extremes of variety, but animated by the same old spirit, that of Knighthood and Religion. On the whole, he seems to have continued growing in esteem, both with the lower and the upper classes of the literary world. His *Zauberring* (Magic Ring) has lately been translated into English: we have also versions of his *Sintram* and his *Undine*. The last little work, published in 1811, has become a literary pet in its own country; being dandled and patted not only by the soft hands of poetical maidens, but even by the horny paws of *Recensents*, a class of beings to the full as dire and doughty as our own Reviewers. *Undine* and *Sintram* are parts of a series or circuit of "Romantic fictions," entitled the *Jahreszeiten* (Seasons), which were published successively at four different periods: it is from the same work, the Autumn Number of it, that *Aslauga's Knight*, the Tale which follows this Introduction, has been extracted.

The poet had now wedded: and we figure him as happy in his own Arcadian seclusion; for his lady is a woman of kindred genius, and has added new celebrity to his name by various writings, partly of her own, partly in concert with her husband. In 1813, his poetic leisure was interrupted by the clang of battle-trumpets. Napoleon's star had begun to decline; and Prussia rose, as one man, to break asunder the fetters with which he had so long chained Europe to the dust. The knightly Baron was the first to rouse himself at the voice of his country; he again girded on his harness, and took the field at the head of a small troop of volunteers. His little band would seem to have been joined with the Jäger (or, as we call it, Chasseur) Regiment of Brandenburg Cuirassiers; in which squadron he served, first as Lieutenant, then as Rittmeister, with the devout and fervid gallantry, which he had so often previously delineated in his writings. Like the lamented Körner, he stood by the cause both with "the Lyre and the Sword." His arm was ever in the hottest of the battle; and his songs uplifted the triumph of victory, or breathed fresh ardour into the hearts of his comrades in defeat. These lyrical effusions have since been collected and published: for the future historian they will form an interesting memorial. At Culm, the poetical soldier was wounded; but the incompleteness of his cure did not prevent him from appearing in his place on the great day of Leipzig; and thenceforward following the scattered enemy to the banks of the Rhine. Here ill health, arising from excessive exertion, forced him to return; he had toiled faithfully till the struggle was de-

cided ; and could now, with a quiet mind, leave others to complete the task. By the King he was raised to the rank of Major, and decorated with the cross of the Order of St. John. He retired to his former residence at Rennhausen, near Rathenau ; betook himself again to writing, with unabated diligence ; and has since produced, among various other chivalry performances of greater or smaller extent, an "epic poem," entitled *Corona*, celebrating the events in which he himself was present, and formed part. Here, so far as I have understood, he still chiefly resides ; enjoying an enviable lot ; the domestic society of a virtuous and gifted wife ; the exercise of a poetic genius, which his brethren repay with praise ; and still dearer honours as a man and a citizen, which his own conscience may declare that he has merited.

Fouqué's genius is not of a kind to provoke or solicit much criticism ; for its faults are negative rather than positive, and its beauties are not difficult to discern. The structure of his mind is simple ; his intellect is in harmony with his feelings ; and his taste seems to include few modes of excellence, which he has not in some considerable degree the power to realise. He is thus in unison with himself ; his works are free from internal inconsistency, and appear to be produced with lightness and freedom. A pure sensitive heart, deeply reverent of Truth, and Beauty, and Heroic Virtue ; a quick perception of certain forms embodying these high qualities ; and a delicate and dainty hand in picturing them forth, are gifts which few readers of his works will contest him. At the same time, it must be granted, he has no preëminence in strength, either of head or heart ; and his circle of activity, though full of animation, is far from comprehensive. He is, as it were, possessed by one idea. A few notes, some of them, in truth, of rich melody, yet still a very few, include the whole music of his being. The Chapel and the Tilt-yard stand in the background or the foreground, in all the scenes of his universe. He gives us knights, soft-hearted and strong-armed ; full of Christian self-denial, patience, meekness and gay easy daring ; they stand before us in their mild frankness, with suitable equipment, and accompaniment of squire and dame ; and frequently the whole has a true, though seldom a vigorous, poetic life. If this can content us, it is well ; if not, there is no help ; for change of scene and person brings little change of subject ; even when no chivalry is mentioned, we feel too clearly the influence of its unseen presence. Nor can it be said, that in this solitary department his success is of the very highest sort. To body forth the spirit of Christian Knighthood in existing poetic forms ; to wed that old *sentiment* to modern *thoughts*, was a task which he could not attempt. He has turned rather to the fictions and machinery of former days ; and transplanted his heroes into distant ages, and scenes divided by their nature from our common world. Their manner of existence comes imaged back to us faint and ineffectual, like the crescent of the setting moon.

These things, however, are not faults, but the want of merits. Where something is effected, it were ungracious to reckon up too narrowly how much is left untried. In all his writings, Fouqué shows himself as a man deeply imbued with feelings of religion, honour and brotherly love; he sings of Faith and Affection with a full heart; and a spirit of tenderness, and vestal purity, and meek heroism, sheds salutary influences from his presence. He is no primate or bishop in the Church Poetical; but a simple chaplain, who merits the honours of a small but well-discharged function, and claims no other.

In mental structure, Fouqué seems the converse of Musäus, whom he follows in the present volume. If Musäus was a man of talent, with little genius, Fouqué is a man of genius, with little more than an ordinary share of talent. His intellect is not richer or more powerful than that of common minds, nor his insight into the world and man's heart more keen; but his feelings are finer, and the touch of an aërial fancy gives life and loveliness to the products of his other powers. Among English authors, we might liken him to Southey; though their provinces of writing are widely diverse; and, in regard to general culture and acquirement, the latter must be reckoned greatly his superior. Like Southey, he *finds* more readily than he *invents;* and his invention, when he does trust to it, is apt to be daring rather than successful. Yet his extravagant fictions are pervaded by a true sentiment; a soft vivifying soul looks through them; a religious submission, a cheerful and unwearied patience in affliction; mild, earnest hope and love, and peaceful, subdued enthusiasm.

To these internal endowments, he adds the merit of a style by no means ill adapted for displaying them. Lightness and simplicity are its chief characteristics: his periods move along in lively rhythm; studiously excluding all pomp of phraseology; expressing his strongest thoughts in the humblest words, and veiling dark sufferings or resolute purposes in a placid smile. A faint superficial gaiety seems to rest over all his images: it is not merriment or humour; but the self-possession of a man too earnestly serious to be heedful of solemn looks; and it plays like sunshine on the surface of a dark pool, deepening by contrast the impressiveness of the gloom which it does not penetrate.

If this little Tale of *Aslauga's Knight*[1] afford any tolerable emblem of those qualities, the reader will not grudge perusing it. I pretend not to offer it as the best of Fouqué's writings, but only as the best I know of for my present purpose. *Sintram* and *Undine* are already in our language: this tale is weaker in result, but also shorter in compass. That its chivalry is of a still wilder sort than that which we supposed Cervantes had abolished two centuries ago; that its form is thin and unsubstantial, and its effect unsatisfactory, I need not attempt to deny. An extravagant fiction for the basis; delicate, airy and beautiful deline-

[1] Our only Translation from Fouqué.

ations in the detail; and the everlasting principles of Faith, and Integrity, and Love, pervading the whole: such is frequently the character of Fouque's writings; and such, on a smaller scale, appears to be that of *Aslauga's Knight*, which is now, with all its imperfections on its head, to be submitted to the courtesy of English judges.

LUDWIG TIECK.

Ludwig Tieck, born at Berlin on the 31st of May 1773, is known to the world only as a Man of Letters, having never held any public station, or followed any profession, except that of authorship. Of his private history the critics and news-hunters of his own country complain that they have little information; a deficiency which may arise in part from the circumstance, that till of late years, though from the first admired by the Patricians of his native literature, he has stood in no high favour, and of course awakened no great curiosity, among the reading *Plebs;* and may indicate, at the same time, that in his walk and conversation, there is little wonderful to be discovered.

His literary life he began at Berlin, in his twenty-second year, by the publication of three Novels, following each other in quick succession: *Abdallah*, *William Lovell* and *Peter Leberrecht*. These works found small patronage at their first appearance, and are still regarded as immature products of his genius; the opening of a cloudy as well as fervid dawn; betokening a day of strong heat, and perhaps at last of serene brightness. A gloomy tragic spirit is said to reign throughout all of them; the image of a high passionate mind, scorning the base and the false, rather than accomplishing the good and the true; in rapt earnestness "interrogating Fate,' and receiving no answer but the echo of its own questions reverberated from the dead walls of its vast and lone imprisonment.

In this stage of spiritual progress, where so many not otherwise ungifted minds at length painfully content themselves to take up their permanent abode, where our own noble and hapless Byron perished from among us at the instant when his deliverance seemed at hand, it was not Tieck's ill fortune to continue too long. His *Popular Tales*, published in 1797 as an appendage to his last Novel, under the title of *Peter Leberrechts Volksmährchen*, already indicate that he had worked his way through these baleful shades into a calmer and sunnier elevation; from which, and happily without looking at the world through a painted glass of any sort, he had begun to see that there were things to be believed, as well as things to be denied; things to be loved and forwarded, as well as things to be hated and trodden under foot. The active and positive of Goodness was displacing the barren and tormenting negative; and worthy feelings were now to be translated into their only proper language, worthy actions. In Tieck's mind, all Goodness,

all that was noble or excellent in Nature, seems to have combined itself under the image of Poetic Beauty ; to the service and defence of which he has ever since unweariedly devoted his gifts and his days.

These *Volksmährchen* are of the most varied nature : sombre, pathetic, fantastic, satirical ; but all pervaded by a warm, genial soul, which accommodates itself with equal aptitude to the gravest or the gayest form. A soft abundance, a simple and kindly but often solemn majesty is in them ; wondrous shapes, full of meaning, move over the scene, true modern denizens of the old Fairyland ; low tones of plaintiveness or awe flit round us ; or a starry splendour twinkles down from the immeasurable depths of Night.

It is by this work, as revised and perfected long afterwards, that we now purpose introducing Tieck to the notice of the English reader : it was by this also that he was introduced to the notice of his countrymen. *Peter Leberrechts Volksmährchen* was reviewed by August Wilhelm Schlegel, in the Jena *Litteraturzeitung ;* and its author, for the first time, brought under the eye of the world as a man of rich endowments, and in the fair way for turning them to proper account. To the body of the world, however, this piece of news was surprising rather than delightful ; for Tieck's merits were not of a kind to split the ears of the groundlings, and his manner of producing them was ill calculated to conciliate a kind hearing. Schiller and Goethe were at this time silent, or occupied with History and Philosophy : Tieck belonged not to the existing poetic guild ; and, far from soliciting admission, he had not scrupled, in the most pleasant fashion, to inform the craftsmen that their great Diana was a dumb idol, and their silver shrines an unprofitable thing. Among these *Volksmährchen*, one of the most prominent is *Der gestiefelte Kater*, a dramatised version of *Puss in Boots ;* under the grotesque mask of which, he had laughed with his whole heart, in a true Aristophanic vein, at the actual aspect of literature ; and without mingling his satire with personalities, or any other false ingredient, had rained it like a quiet shower of volcanic ashes on the cant of Illumination, the cant of Sensibility, the cant of Criticism, and the many other cants of that shallow time, till the gumflower products of the poetic garden hung draggled and black under their unkindly coating. In another country, at another day, the drama of *Puss in Boots* may justly be supposed to appear with enfeebled influences ; yet even to a stranger there is not wanting a feast of broad joyous humour in this strange phantasmagoria, where pit and stage, and man and animal, and earth and air, are jumbled in confusion worse confounded, and the copious, kind, ruddy light of true mirth overshines and warms the whole.

This What-d'ye-call-it of *Puss in Boots* was, as it were, the key-note which for several years determined the tone of Tieck's literary enterprises. The same spirit lives in his *Verkehrte Welt* (World turned Topsy-

turvy), a drama of similar structure, which accompanied the former; in his tale of *Zerbino, or the Tour in search of Taste*, which soon followed it; and in numerous parodies and lighter pieces which he gave to the world in his *Poetic Journal;* the second and last volume of which periodical contains his *Letters on Shakspeare*, inculcating the same doctrines, in a graver shape. About this time, after a short residence in Hamburg, where he had married, he removed his abode to Jena; a change which confirmed him in his literary tendencies, and facilitated the attainment of their objects. It was here that he became acquainted with the two Schlegels; and, at the same time, with their friend Novalis, a young man of a pure, warm and benignant genius, whose fine spirit died in its first blossoming, and whose posthumous works it was, ere long, the melancholy task of Tieck and the younger Schlegel to publish under their superintendence. With Wackenroder of Berlin, a person of kindred mind with Novalis, and kindred fortune also, having died very early, Tieck was already acquainted and united; for he had cooperated in the *Herzensergiessungen eines einsamen Klosterbruders*, an elegant and impressive work on pictorial art, and Wackenroder's chief performance.

These young men sympathised completely in their critical ideas with Tieck; and each was labouring in his own sphere to disseminate them, and reduce them to practice. Their endeavours, it would seem, have prospered; for in colloquial literary history, this gifted cinquefoil, often it is only the trefoil of Tieck and the two Schlegels, have the credit, which was long the blame, of founding a New School of Poetry, by which the Old School, first fired upon in the *Gestiefelte Kater*, and ever afterwards assailed, without intermission, by eloquence and ridicule, argument and entreaty, was at length displaced and hunted out of being; or, like Partridge the Astrologer, reduced to a life which could be proved to be no life.

Of this New School, which has been the subject of much unwise talk, and of much not very wise writing, we cannot here attempt to offer any suitable description, far less any just estimate. One thing may be remarked, that the epithet *School* seems to describe the case with little propriety. That since the beginning of the present century, a great change has taken place in German literature, is plain enough, without commentators; but that it was effected by three young men, living in the little town of Jena, is not by any means so plain. The critical principles of Tieck and the Schlegels had already been set forth, in the form both of precept and prohibition, and with all the aids of philosophic depth and epigrammatic emphasis, by the united minds of Goethe and Schiller, in the *Horen* and *Xenien*. The development and practical application of the doctrine is all that pertains to these reputed founders of the sect. But neither can the change be said to have originated with Schiller and Goethe; for it is a change originating not in

individuals, but in universal circumstances, and belongs not to Germany, but to Europe. Among ourselves, for instance, within the last thirty years, who has not lifted up his voice with double vigour in praise of Shakspeare and Nature, and vituperation of French taste and French philosophy? Who has not heard of the glories of old English literature; the wealth of Queen Elizabeth's age; the penury of Queen Anne's; and the inquiry whether Pope was a poet? A similiar temper is breaking out in France itself, hermetically sealed as that country seemed to be against all foreign influences; and doubts are beginning to be entertained, and even expressed, about Corneille and the Three Unities. It seems to be substantially the same thing which has occurred in Germany, and been attributed to Tieck and his associates: only that the revolution, which is here proceeding, and in France commencing, appears in Germany to be completed. Its results have there been embodied in elaborate laws, and profound systems have been promulgated and accepted: whereas with us, in past years, there has been as it were a Literary Anarchy; for the Pandects of Blair and Bossu are obsolete or abrogated, but no new code supplies their place; and, author and critic, each sings or says that which is right in his own eyes. For the principles of German Poetics, we can only refer the reader to the treatises of Kant, Schiller, Richter, the Schlegels, and their many copyists and expositors; with the promise that his labour will be hard, but not unrewarded by a plenteous harvest of results, which, whether they be doubted, denied or believed, he will find no trivial or unprofitable subject for his contemplation.

These doctrines of taste, which Tieck embraced every opportunity of enforcing as a critic, he did not fail diligently to exemplify in practice; as a long and rapid series of poetical performances lies before the world to attest. Of these, his *Genoveva*, a Play grounded on the legend of that Saint, appears to be regarded as his masterpiece by the best judges; though *Franz Sternebalds Wanderungen*, the fictitious History of a Student of Painting, was more relished by others; and, as a critic tells us, 'here and there a low voice might be even heard voting that this novel 'equalled *Wilhelm Meister;* the peaceful clearness of which it however 'nowise attained, but only, with visible effort, strove to imitate.' In this last work he was assisted by Wackenroder. At an earlier period, he had come forth, as a translator, with a new version of *Don Quixote:* he now appeared also as a commentator, with a work entitled *Minnelieder aus dem Schwabischen Zeitalter* (Minstrelsy of the Swabian Era), published at Berlin in 1803; with an able Preface, explaining the relation of these poets to Petrarca and the Troubadours. In 1804, he sent out his *Kaiser Octavianus*, a Story which, like the other works mentioned in this paragraph, I have never seen, but which I find praised by his countrymen in no very intelligible terms, as 'a fair revival of the old '*Mährchen* (Traditionary Tale); in which, however, the poet moves

'freely, and has completed the cycle of the romance.' *Die Gemälde* (The Pictures, another of his fictions, has lately been translated into English.

Tieck's frequent change of place bespeaks less settledness in his domestic, than happily existed in his intellectual circumstances. From Jena he seems to have again removed to Berlin; then to a country residence near Frankfort on the Oder; which, in its turn, he quitted for a journey into Italy. In this classic country he found new facilities for two of his favourite pursuits: he employed himself, it is said, to good purpose, in the study of ancient and modern Art; to which, while in Rome, he added the examining of many old German manuscripts preserved in the Vatican Library. From his labours in this latter department, and elsewhere, his countrymen have not long ago obtained, in addition to the *Minstrelsy*, an *Altdeutsches Theater* (Old-German Theatre), in two volumes, with the hope of more. A collection of Old-German Poetry is still expected.

In 1806, he returned to Germany; first to Munich, then to his former retreat near Frankfort; but, for the next seven years, he was little heard of as an active member of the literary world; and the regret of his admirers was increased by intelligence that ill health was the cause of his inactivity. That this inactivity was more apparent than real, he has proved by his reappearance in new vigour at a time when he finds a readier welcome and more willing audience. He has since published abundantly in various forms; as a translator, an editor, and a writer both of poetry and prose. In 1812, appeared his early *Volksmährchen*, retouched and improved, and combined into a whole, by conversations, critical, disquisitionary and descriptive, in two volumes, entitled *Phantasus;* from which our present specimens of him are taken. His *Altdeutsches Theater* was followed by an *Altenglisches*, including the disputed plays of Shakspeare; a work gladly received by his countrymen, no less devoted admirers of Shakspeare than ourselves. Since that time, he has paid us a personal visit. In 1818, he was in London, and is said to have been well satisfied with his reception; which we cannot but hope was as respectful and kind as a guest so accomplished, and so friendly to England, deserved at our hands. The fruit of his residence among us, it seems, has already appeared in his writings. He has very lately given to the world a Novel on Shakspeare and his Times; in which he has not trembled to introduce, as acting characters, the great dramatist himself, with Marlowe, and various other poets of that age. Such is the report; which adds, that his work is admired in Germany; but that any copy of it has crossed the Channel, I have not heard. Of Tieck's present residence, or special pursuits, or economical circumstances, I am sorry to confess my entire ignorance. One little fact may perhaps be worth adding; that Sophie Bernhardi, an esteemed authoress, is his sister.

A very slight power of observation will suffice to convince us that Tieck is no ordinary man; but a true Poet, a Poet *born* as well as *made*. Of a nature at once susceptible and strong, he has looked over the circle of human interests with a far-sighted and piercing eye, and partaken deeply of its joy and woe; and these impressions on his heart or his mind have been like seed sown on fertile ground, ripening under the skyey influences into rich and varied luxuriance. He is no more observer and compiler; rendering back to us, with additions or subtractions, the Beauty which existing things have of themselves presented to him; but a true Maker, to whom the actual and external is but the *excitement* for ideal creations, representing and ennobling its effects. His feeling or knowledge, his love or scorn, his gay humour or solemn earnestness, all the riches of his inward world, are pervaded and mastered by the living energy of the soul which possesses them; and their finer essence is wafted to us in his poetry, like Arabian odours on the wings of the wind.

But this may be said of all true poets; and each is distinguished from all by his individual characteristics. Among Tieck's, one of the most remarkable is his combination of so many gifts in such full and simple harmony. His ridicule does not obstruct his adoration; his gay Southern fancy lives in union with a Northern heart. With the moods of a longing and impassioned spirit he seems deeply conversant; and a still imagination, in the highest sense of that word, reigns over all his poetic world. Perhaps, on the whole, this is his distinguishing faculty; an imagination, not of the intellect, but of the character, not so much vague and gigantic as altogether void and boundless. A feeling as of desert vastness steals over us in what appeared to be a common scene; or in high passages, a fire as of a furnace glows in one small spot, under the infinitude of darkness: Immensity and Eternity seem to rest over the bounded and quickly-fading.

His mind we should call well cultivated; for no part of it seems stunted in its growth, and it acts in soft unimpeded union. His heart seems chastened in the school of experience; fervid, yet meek and humble, heedful of good in mean forms, and looking for its satisfaction not in passive, but in active enjoyments. His poetical taste seems no less polished and pure: with all his mental riches and excursiveness, he merits in the highest degree the praise of chaste simplicity, both in conception and style. No man ever rejected more carefully the aid of exaggeration in word and thought, or produced more result by humbler means. Who could have supposed that a tragedy, no mock-heroic, but a real tragedy, calculated to affect and excite us, could have been erected on the groundwork of a nursery tale? Yet let any one read *Blaubart* in the *Phantasus*, and say whether this is not accomplished. Nor is Tieck's history of our old friend *Bluebeard* any Fairyland *George Barnwell;* but a genuine play, with comic as well as tragic life in it; 'a group of ear-

nest figures, painted on a laughing ground,' and surprising us with poetical delight, where we looked for anything sooner.

In his literary life, Tieck has essayed many provinces, both of the imaginative and the intellectual world; but his own peculiar province seems to be that of the *Mährchen;* a word which, for want of a proper synonym, we are forced to translate by the imperfect periphrase of Popular Traditionary Tale. Here, by the consent of all his critics, including even the collectors of real *Mährchen*, he reigns without any rival. The true tone of that ancient time, when man was in his childhood, when the universe within was divided by no wall of adamant from the universe without, and the forms of the Spirit mingled and dwelt in trustful sisterhood with the forms of the Sense, was not easy to seize and adapt with any fitness of application to the feelings of modern minds. It was to penetrate into the inmost shrines of Imagination, where human passion and action are reflected in dim and fitful, but deeply significant resemblances, and to copy these with the guileless humble graces which alone can become them. Such tales ought to be poetical, because they spring from the very fountains of natural feeling; they ought to be moral, not as exemplifying some current apophthegm, but as imaging forth in shadowy emblems the universal tendencies and destinies of man. That Tieck has succeeded thus far in his Tales is not asserted by his warmest admirers; but only that he now and then approaches such success, and throughout approaches it more closely than any of his rivals.

How far this judgment of Tieck's admirers is correct, our readers are now to try for themselves.[1] Respecting the reception of these Tales, I cannot boast of having any very certain, still less any very flattering presentiment. Their merits, such as they have, are not of a kind to force themselves on the reader; and to search for merits few readers are inclined. The ordinary lovers of witch and fairy matter will remark a deficiency of spectres and enchantments here, and complain that the whole is rather dull. Cultivated freethinkers again, well knowing that no ghosts or elves exist in this country, will smile at the crackbrained dreamer, with his spelling book prose and doggrel verse, and dismiss him good-naturedly as a German Lake-poet. Alas! alas! Ludwig Tieck could also fantasy, 'like a drunk Irishman,' with great conveniency, if it seemed good to him; he can laugh too, and disbelieve, and set springes to catch woodcocks in manifold wise: but his present business was not this: nor, I fear, is the lover of witch matter, or the cultivated freethinker, likely soon to discover what it was.

Other readers there are, however, who will come to him in a truer and meeker spirit, and, if I mistake not, be rewarded with some

[1] The Tales translated from Tieck are: 1. *The Fairhaired Eckbert;* 2. *The Trusty Eckart;* 3. *The Runenberg;* 4. *The Elves;* 5. *The Goblet.*

touches of genuine poetry. For the credit of the stranger, I ought to remind them that he appears under many disadvantages. In the process of translation he has necessarily lost, and perhaps in more than the usual proportion; the childlike character of his style was apt to diverge into the childish; the nakedness of his rhymes, perhaps at first only wavering between simplicity and silliness, must in my hands too frequently have shifted nearer the latter. Above all, such works as his come on us unprepared; unprovided with any model[1] by which to estimate them, or any category under which to arrange them. Nevertheless, the present specimens of Tieck do exhibit some features of his mind; a few, but those, as it seems to me, its rarest and highest features: to such readers, and with such allowances, the *Runenberg*, the *Trusty Eckart* and their associates may be commended with some confidence.

E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

HOFFMANN'S *Life and Remains* have been published, shortly after his decease, and with an amplitude of detail corresponding rather to the popularity, than to the intrinsic merit, of the subject; for Hoffmann belongs to that too numerous class of vivid and gifted literary men, whose genius, never cultured or elaborated into purity, finds loud and sudden, rather than judicious or permanent admiration; and whose history, full of error and perplexed vicissitude, excites sympathising regret in a few, and unwise wonder in many. From this Work, which is honestly and modestly enough written, and has, to all appearance, been extensively read and approved of, I borrow most of the following particulars.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January 1776. His father occupied a post of some dignity in the administration of Justice; the mother's relatives were also engaged in the profession of Law; most of them respectably, some of them with considerable influence and reputation. The elder Hoffmann is said to have been a man of talent; but his temper and habitudes were irregular; his wife was sickly, sensitive and perhaps querulous and uncompliant: in our Ernst their second child's third year, the parents discovered that they could not live together; and, apparently by mutual consent, dissolved their ill-assorted union. The father withdrew from Königsberg, to prosecute his legal and judicial engagements elsewhere; and seems to have troubled himself no farther about his offspring or old connexions: he died, several years after, at Insterburg,

[1] I have not forgotten Allan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry;* a work full of kind fancy and soft glowing exuberance, and with traces of a genius which might rise into a far loftier and purer element than it has ever yet moved and lived in.

where he had been stationed as a Judge in the Criminal Court of the Oberland. The other parent retired with young Ernst to her mother's house, also in Königsberg; and there. in painful inaction, wore out seventeen sick and pitiable years, before death put a period to her sufferings. Prior to the separation, the elder child, also a boy, had gone astray into wicked courses, and at last set forth as an infant prodigal into the wide world. The two brothers never met, though the elder is said to be still in life.

Cut off from his natural guardians and directors, young Hoffmann seems to have received no adequate compensation for the want of them, and his early culture was but ill conducted. The grandmother, like her daughter, was perpetually sick, neither of the two almost ever stirring from their rooms. An uncle, retired with the barren title of Justizrath from an abortive practice of Law, took charge of the boy's education: but little Otto had no insight into the endowments or perversities of his nephew, and spent much fruitless effort in endeavouring to train the frolicsome urchin to a clock-work life like his own; for Otto lived by square and rule; his history was a rigid, strenuous. methodical procedure; of which, indeed, except the process of digestion, faithfully enough performed, the result, in Otto's case, was nothing. An unmarried aunt, the only other member of the family, the only member of it gifted with any share of sense, appears to have had a truer view of young Hoffmann; but she loved the little rogue too well; and her tenderness, though repaid by equal and continued tenderness on his part, perhaps hurt him more than the leaden constraint of his uncle. For the rest, the boy did not let the yoke lie too heavy on his shoulders: Otto, it is true, was his teacher, his chamber-mate and bed-mate; but every Thursday the little Justizrath went out to pay visits, and the pupil could then celebrate a day of bedlam jubilee: in a little while too, by superiority of natural cunning, he had sounded the Justizrath; and from his twelfth year, we are told, he scarcely ever spoke a word with him, except for purposes of mystification. In this prim circle, he grew up in almost complete isolation; for, by reason of its fantastic strictness, the household was visited by few; and except one boy, a nephew of the Author Hippel's, with whom he accidentally became acquainted, Hoffmann had no companion but his foolish uncle and his too fond aunt. With young Hippel his intimacy more and more increased; and it is pleasant to record of both, that this early connexion continued unbroken, often warm and helpful, through many changes of fortune; Hoffmann's school-friend stood by his death-bed, and took his farewell of him with true heartfelt tears.

For classical instruction, he was early sent to the public school of Königsberg; but till his thirteenth or fourteenth year, he acquired no taste for these pursuits; and remained unnoticed by his teacher, and by all his schoolfellows, except Hippel, rather disrespected and disliked.

Music and painting, in which also he had masters, were more to his taste: in a short while, he could fantasy to admiration on the harpsichord; and there was no comic visage in Königsberg which he had not sketched in caricature. His tiny stature (for in youth, as in manhood, he was little, and 'incredibly brisk') giving him an almost infantile appearance, added new wonder to these attainments; and so young Ernst became a musical and pictorial prodigy; to the no small comfort of Justizrath Otto, who delighted to observe that the little imp who had played him so many sorry tricks, and so often overset the steady machinery of his household economy, was turning out not a blackguard, but a genius.

With more prudence and regularity than could have been expected, Hoffmann betook himself, in due time, to preparing for the legal profession; to which, as if by hereditary destiny, he was appointed. In the Königsberg University, indeed, he confessed that Kant's prelections were a dead letter to him, though it was at that time the fashion both for the wise and simple to be metaphysically transcendental: but he abstained from the riotous practices of his fellow-*bürschen*, and pursued with strict fidelity the tasks by which he hoped ere long to gain an independent livelihood, and be delivered from the thraldom of his grandmother and Justizrath Otto. In this hope he laboured; allowing himself no recreation, except once a-week an evening of literary talk with his fellow-student Hippel, and an occasional glance into *Winkelmann*, or other works on Art, to which, as formerly, the better part of his nature was passionately devoted.

In 1795, he passed his first professional trial, and was admitted Auscultator of the Court of Königsberg: an establishment administrative as well as judicial; in which, however, owing to the pressure of applicants, it was impossible to give him full employment. This leisure, which, with so hot and impatient a spirit, hung heavy enough on his hands, he endeavoured to fill up with subsidiary pursuits: he gave private lessons in music; he painted wild landscapes, or grotesque figures, to which 'a bold alternation of colour and shade' gave a specific character; he talked of men and things, with the most sportful fancy, or the most biting sarcasm: in fine, he wrote two Novels. One of these, at least, he had hoped to see in print; for a bookseller had received it with some expressions of encouragement: but after half a year, his fair manuscript was returned to him all soiled and creased, with an answer, that 'the *anonymity* of the work was likely to hurt its sale.' In the mean time, his situation had become still more perplexed by a private incident in the style of the *Nouvelle Héloise*. One of his fair music-pupils was too lovely and too soft-hearted: no marriage could be thought of between the parties, for she was far above him in rank; and the contradictions and entanglements of this affair so pained and oppressed him, that he longed with double vehemence to be out of Königsberg. At last, after much wavering and consulting, he snatched himself away,

with a resolute, indeed almost heroic effort, from the unpropitious scene; and proceeded, in the summer of 1796, to Great Glogau in Silesia, where another uncle, a brother of Otto's, occupied a post in the Administration, and had promised to procure him employment.

In Great Glogau he did not find the composure which he was in search of; his uncle and his cousins treated him with great affection, and his labour was not irksome or unprofitable; but, in his letters, he complains incessantly of tedium, and other spiritual maladies; and, in 1798, he joyfully took leave of Silesia, following his uncle, who was now promoted to a higher legal post in Berlin. Here too the young jurist continued only for a short time. Having passed his third and last trial, the *examen rigorosum*, and this with no common applause, he was soon afterwards appointed Assessor of the Court at Posen, in South Prussia (Poland); whither he proceeded in March 1800.

With Hoffmann's removal to Poland, begins a new era of his life: he was now director of his own actions, and unhappily he did not direct them well. At Berlin, and even at Great Glogau, he had been accustomed to enliven the routine of legal duty by the study of Art; for which the public collections of pictures, and the numerous professors of music, had in both cities afforded considerable opportunity. In Posen, these resources were abridged; there was little music, little painting; his official associates were dry weekday men, who worked hard at their desks, and lived hard when enfranchised from them; without taste for literature, or art of any kind, except it were the art of cookery and brewing. The Poles also were a lively, jolly people, and much addicted to 'strong Hungary wine.' Hoffmann yielded too far to the custom of the land; and here, it would seem, contracted habits of irregularity, from which he could never after get delivered. Another refuge against tedium, derived from his own peculiar resources, was even less to be excused. In private hours, he had condescended to become the scandalous chronicle of Posen, and to sketch a series of caricatures, exhibiting, under the most ludicrous yet recognisable aspects, a great number of individuals and transactions; sparing no rank or relation, where he fancied himself to have been provoked, or thought his satire might be expected to tell. On occasion of a masquerade, a gay companion, his future brother-in-law, equipped himself like an Italian hawker; and proceeding to the ball with his pestilent ware in his basket, distributed the pictures, each picture to some ill-wisher of the person whom it represented; and then vanished from the room. For the first half hour, there was a general triumph; which, on comparing notes, passed into a general wail. The author was speedily detected: his talent, the only thing admirable in the transaction, betrayed him, and the punishment followed close on the offence. Intelligence was sent to Berlin: and the patent, lying ready for signature, which should have made him Rath (Councillor) at Posen, was changed for a similar appointment at Plozk;

a change which, in all points, he regarded as an exile, but which his best friends could not help admitting that he had richly merited.

From Plozk he failed not to emit his *Tristia;* soliciting, with pressing earnestness, deliverance from his Polish Tomos. What was more to the purpose, he seems to have amended his conduct: he had married while in Posen; his wife, a fair Poless, was possessed of many graces, and of contentment and submissiveness without limit; and the husband was beginning to substitute the duties and enjoyments of domestic and studious life, for the revelry and riot in which of late he had much too deeply mingled. In his official capacity, his assiduity and perseverance so far gained on his superiors, that at length, by the influence of Hippel and other friends, he was transferred from Plozk to Warsaw; after having spent two regretful, but diligent and not unprofitable years, in this provincial seclusion. In the summer of 1804, he hastened to his new destination, which his fancy had decked for him in all the colours of hope.

To Hoffmann, the Polish capital was like a vast perpetual masquerade; and for a time he enjoyed its exotic, many-coloured aspect, the more from its contrast with his late way of life. His public duty was not difficult, and he performed it punctually; his salary sufficed him; there were theatres and music on every hand; and the streets were peopled with a motley tumult of the strangest forms: 'gay silken 'Polesses, talking and promenading over broad stately squares; the 'ancient venerable Polish noble, with moustaches, caftan, sash, and 'red or yellow boots; the new race equipped as Parisian *Incroyables;* 'with foreigners of every nation;' not excluding long-bearded Jews, puppetshow-men, monks, and dancing-bears. In a little while, Hoffmann had formed some acquaintances among the human part of the throng; with one Hitzig, his colleague in office, he established a lasting intimacy. It began oddly enough: one day the two were walking home together from the Court, and engaged in laborious, stinted and formal conversation, when Hoffmann, asking the character of some individual, the other answered, in the words of Falstaff, that he was 'a fellow in buckram;' a phrase which enlightened the caustic visage of Hoffmann, at all times shy to strangers, and at once raised him into one of his brilliant communicative moods. This Hitzig, himself a man of talent and energy, was of great service in assisting Hoffmann's intellectual culture while at Warsaw, and stood by him afterwards in many difficult emergencies.

An enthusiast dilettante prepared a new source of interest to Hoffmann, by a scheme which he proposed of erecting a Musical Institution. By dint of great effort, the dilettante succeeded in procuring subscribers; first one deserted palace, then a larger one, was purchased for a hall of meeting: and Hoffmann, seeing that the scheme was really to take effect, now entered into it with heart and hand. He planned the

arrangement of the rooms in the New *Ressource:* for their decorations, he sketched cartoons, part of which were painted by other artists, part he himself painted ; not forgetting to introduce caricature portraits of many honest subscribers, whom, by wings and tails, he disguised as sphinxes, gryphons, and other mythological cattle. His time was henceforth divided between his Court and this Musical Ressource: here, perched on his scaffold, among his paint pots, with the brush in his hand, and a bottle of Hungary by his side, he might, in free hours, be seen diligently working, and talking in the mean while to his friends assembled below. If called to any juridical function by any extraordinary mandate from the President, he would doff his painter's-jacket, clamber down from his scaffold, wash his hands, and, to the surprise of parties, transact their business as rapidly and correctly, as if he had known no other employment.

The Musical Ressource prospered beyond expectation: brilliant concerts were given ; all that was fairest and gracefullest in Warsaw attending, or even assisting: Hoffmann officiated as leader in their performance ; and, especially in Mozart's pieces, was allowed to have done his part with consummate skill. Ere long, however, these melodious festivities were abruptly closed. News came of the battle of Jena ; Russian foreposts entered the city ; Tartars, Cossacks, Bashkirs increased the chaos of its population. In due time, arrived French envoys to treat of a surrender ; the Prussians mounted guard with their knapsacks on ; and one morning tidings spread over the city, that the Praga bridge of boats was on fire, that the Russians and Prussians were retiring on the one side, and Murat's advanced-guard entering by the other. The rest is easy to conceive: the Prussian government was at an end in Warsaw ; Hoffmann's *Collegium* honestly divided the contents of their strongbox, then closed the partnership, and dispersed, each whither he listed, to seek safety and new employment.

To most of them this was a grievous stroke: not to Hoffmann. For him, Warsaw was still a fine variegated spectacle ; he had money enough for present wants ; of the future he took little heed, or thought loosely that he could live by Art, and that Art was far better than Law. Leaving his large house, where his purse seemed hardly safe from military violence, he took refuge in the garret of the Musical Ressource: here was his pianoforte and a library, here his wife and only child ; without, were Napoleon and his generals, reviews, *restaurateurs*, theatres, churches with musical monks : and abundance of fellow-loungers to attend him in these amusements. It was not till after a severe attack of fever and the most visible contraction of his purse, that he seriously bethought him what he was to do. A sad enough outlook! For Art, which had seemed so benignant at a distance, was shy and inaccessible when actually applied to for bread. Hitzig had hastened off to Berlin, and there opened a bookshop, in hope of better times: but his accounts

of musical profits in that city were discouraging; and for the journey to Vienna, which he advised and gave letters to forward, Hoffmann had now no funds. His uncle in Berlin was dead; from little Otto nothing could be drawn: the perplexity was thickening, and the means of unravelling it were daily diminishing. For the present, he resolved to leave his wife and daughter at Posen, with their relations, and to visit Berlin himself in quest of some employment.

In Berlin he could find no employment whatever, either as a portrait-painter, a teacher or a composer of music; meanwhile the last remnant of his cash, his poor six Friedrichs-d'or, were one night filched from his trunk; and news came from Posen, that his little Cecilia was dead, and his wife dangerously ill. In this extremity, his heart for a while had nigh failed him; but he again gathered courage, and made a fresh attempt. He published in the newspapers an advertisement, offering himself as Music-director, on the most moderate terms, in any theatre; and was happy enough, soon afterwards, to make an engagement of the kind he wished, with the managers of the Bamberg stage, at that time under the patronage of the Count von Soden.

To an ordinary temper, this very humble preferment would have offered but a mortifying contrast with former affluence and official respectability: Hoffmann, however, saw in it the means of realising his long-cherished wish, a life devoted to Art; and hastened to his Bamberg musical appointment with gayer hopes than he had ever fixed on any other prospect. Had money or economical comfort been his chief object, he must have felt himself cruelly disappointed: mischance on mischance befell the Bamberg theatre; contradiction on the back of contradiction awaited the new Music-director, whose life, for the next seven years, differs in no outward respect from that of the most unprosperous strolling player. Nevertheless, he made no complaint; perhaps he really felt little sorrow. 'This must do,' writes he in his Diary, 'and it will 'do; for now I shall never more have a *Relatio ex Actis* to write while I 'live, and so the Fountain of all Evil is dried up' In a wealthier station, he might have composed more operas, and painted more caricatures; but it is possible enough the world might never have heard of him as a writer. The fate of his first two Novels had perhaps disgusted him with authorship: his studies at least had long pointed to other objects; nor was it choice, but necessity, which now led him back to literature. After many stagnations, the Bamberg theatrical cash-box had at length become entirely insolvent; portrait-painting, and music-teaching, were inadequate to the support of even a frugal household: Hoffmann, who, in all his straits, appears to have disdained pecuniary assistance, now wrote to Rochlitz of Leipzig, Editor of the *Musicalische Zeitung* (Musical Chronicle), soliciting employment in this Work, and, by way of testimonial, transmitting some of his recent performances The letter itself, written with the most fantastic drollery, was testimonial enough:

Hoffmann was instantly and gladly accepted ; and in ten days, two essays were prepared and despatched ; the first of a long series, afterwards collected, enlarged, and given to the world under the title of *Fantasiestücke, in Callot's Manier* (Fantasy pieces, in the style of Callot[1]), with a preface by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, to whom Hoffmann had paid a visit while at Bamberg.

The incipent author was delighted with his new task ; and Rochlitz and his readers no less so with its execution. These *Fantasiestücke* turning chiefly on Music, exclusively on Art, were afterwards to make him known to the world as a brilliant and peculiar writer ; and they served for the present to augment his scanty funds, to bring him into favour and employment as a musical composer, and at last to deliver him from Bamberg. In 1813, by the management of Rochlitz, he formed an engagement at Dresden, again as Music-director, in the theatre of one Seconda This appointment he hailed as a most propitious change ; but his theatrical career was not destined anywhere to be smooth. Misfortunes, almost destruction, overtook him even on his journey: Seconda he soon found to be a driveller ; the opera shifted from Dresden to Leipzig, and from Leipzig to Dresden ; the country was full of Cossacks and *Gendarmes*, and Hoffmann's operatic melodies were drowned in the loud clang of Napoleon's battles. Till the end of 1814, he led a life more chequered by hard vicissitudes than ever: now quarrelling with Seconda, now sketching caricatures of the French; now writing *Fantasies*, now looking at Battles ; sometimes sick, often in danger, generally light of heart, and always short of money. The *Golden Pot*, one of the *Fantasiestücke*, which follows this Introduction, was begun in Dresden, shortly before the Battle of Leipzig, while the cannon of the Allies was bombarding the city ; with grenadoes bursting at the writer's very hand, nay at last driving him from his garret into some safer shelter.

The revolution of Europe, which restored so many sovereigns to their thrones, restored Hoffmann to his chair of office. He arrived at Berlin in September 1814 ; was provided with employment; reinstated in his former rights of seniority ; and two years afterwards promoted, in consequence, to be Rath in the *Kammergericht*, or Exchequer Court of the capital.

Hoffmann's situation, after all his buffetings, might now be considered enviable : the income of his post was amply sufficient, and its labour not excessive ; his best friends were in his neighbourhood, Hitzig was working with him at the same table; his public conduct was irreprehensible, and his literary fame was rapidly spreading. The *Fantasiestücke* were already universally popular ; the *Elixiere des Teufels* (Devil's

[1] Some of my readers may require to be informed that Jacques Callot was a Lorraine painter of the seventeenth century ; a wild genius, whose *Temptation of St. Antony* is said to exceed, in chaotic incoherence, that of Teniers himself.

Elixir, a Novel in two volumes, since translated into English) had just been given to the circulating libraries; and his Opera of *Undine*, which Fouqué had versified for Hoffmann's music, was brought out on the Berlin stage with loud plaudits, and reviewed with praises by Weber himself. Hoffmann was happy; and had he been wise, might still have continued happy: but he was not wise, and in this cup of joy there lurked for him a deadly poison.

Berlin, like most other cities, prides itself in being somewhat of a modern Athens; and Hoffmann, the wonder of the day, was invited with the warmest blandishments to participate in its musical and literary *tea*. But in these polished circles Hoffmann prospered ill: he was sharp-tempered; vain, indeed, but transcendently vain; he required the wittiest talk or the most entire audience; and had a heart-hatred to inanity, however gentle and refined. When his company grew tiresome, he 'made the most terrific faces;' would answer the languishing raptures of some perfumed critic by an observation on the weather; would transfix half a dozen harmless dilettanti through the vitals, each on his several bolt; nay, in the end, give vent to his spleen by talking like a sheer maniac; in short, never cease till, one way or other, the hapless circle was reduced to utter desolation. To this intellectual beverage he was seldom twice invited; and, ere long, the musical and literary Tea urn was for him a closed fountain.

Yet Hoffmann could not do without society, without excitement, and now not well without exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, got intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not content him: it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among gay laughter-loving topers, as a guest at their table, or still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. 'The order of his life, from 1816, downwards,' says his Biographer, 'was this: On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his 'forenoons at his post in the Kammergericht; on other days at home, 'in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in 'summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were de-'voted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other 'guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, 'before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home.' Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne: here his wit flashed and flamed like an *Aurora Borealis*, and the table was forever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Poor Hoffmann was on the highway to ruin; and the only wonder is, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the goal even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and

irreproachably performed. He wrote more abundantly than ever; no Magazine Editor was contented without his contributions; the *Nachtstücke* (Night-pieces) were published in 1817; two years afterwards *Klein Zaches*, regarded (it would seem falsely) as a local satire; and at last, between 1819 and 1821, appeared in four successive volumes, the *Serapionsbrüder*, containing most of his smaller Tales, collected from various fugitive publications, and combined together by dialogues of the *Serapion-brethren*, a little club of friends, which for some time met weekly in Hoffmann's house. The *Prinzessin Brambilla* (1821) is properly another *Fantasy-piece*. The *Lebensansichten des Kater Murr* (Tom-cat Murr's Philosophy of Life) published in 1820 and 1821, was meant by the author as his master work; but the third volume is wanting; and the wild anarchy, musical and moral, said to reign in the first two, may forever remain unreconciled.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern-orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sunk under them In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of gout; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birthday, the 24th of January 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table; but he himself was sick; no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking bath-water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *tabes dorsalis;* limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety; so long as his hands had power, he kept writing; afterwards he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his Tales, the last, *Der Feind* (The Enemy), discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible desire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless; no longer feeling pain, he said to his Doctor: "I shall soon be through it now."—"Yes," said the Doctor, "you will soon be through it." Next morning he was evidently dying: yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor; cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the *Feind* that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion: he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and scarcely had this been done, when the fatal sound was heard in his throat, and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.

Hoffmann's was a mind for which proper culture might have done great things; there lay in it the elements of much moral worth, and talents of almost the highest order Nor was it weakness of Will that so far frustrated these fine endowments; for in many trying emergencies,

he proved that decision and perseverance of resolve were by no means denied him. Unhappily, however, he had found no sure principle of action; no Truth adequate to the guidance of such a mind. What in common minds is called Prudence, was not wanting, could this have sufficed; for it is to be observed, that so long as he was poor, so long as the fetters of everyday duty lay round him, Hoffmann was diligent, unblamable and even praiseworthy: but these wants once supplied, these fetters once cast off, his wayward spirit was without fit direction or restraint, and its fine faculties rioted in wild disorder. In the practical concerns of life he felt no interest: in religion he seems not to have believed, or even disbelieved; he never talked of it, or would hear it talked of: to politics he was equally hostile, and equally a stranger. Yet the wages of daily labour, the solace of his five senses, and the intercourse of social or gregarious life, were far from completing his ideal of enjoyment; his better soul languished in these barren scenes, and longed for some worthier home. This home, unhappily, he was not destined to find. He sought for it in the Poetry of Art; and the aim of his writings, so far as they have any aim, as they are not mere interjections, expressing the casual moods of his mind, was constantly the celebration and unfolding of this the best and truest doctrine which he had to preach. But here too his common failing seems to have beset him: he loved Art with a deep but scarcely with a pure love; not as the fountain of Beauty, but as the fountain of refined Enjoyment; he demanded from it not heavenly peace, but earthly excitement; as indeed through his whole life, he had never learned the truth that for human souls a continuance of passive pleasure is inconceivable, has not only been denied us by Nature, but cannot, and could not be granted.

From all this there grew up in Hoffmann's character something player-like, something false, brawling and tawdry, which we trace both in his writings and his conduct. His philosophy degenerates into levity, his magnanimity into bombast: the light of his fine mind is not sunshine, but the glitter of an artificial firework. As in Art, so in Life he had failed to discover that 'agreeable sensations' are not the highest good. His pursuit of these led him into many devious courses, and the close of his mistaken pilgrimage was—the tavern.

Yet if, in judging Hoffmann, we are forced to condemn him, let it be with mildness, with justice. Let us not forget, that for a mind like his, the path of propriety was difficult to find, still more difficult to keep. Moody, sensitive, and fantastic, he wandered through the world like a foreign presence, subject to influences of which common natures have happily no glimpse. A whole scale of the most wayward and unearthly humours stands recorded in his Diary: his head was forever swarming with beautiful or horrible chimeras; a common incident could throw his whole being into tumult, a distorted face or figure would abide with him for days, and rule over him like a spell. It was not things, but

'the shows of things,' that he saw; and the world and its business, in which he had to live and move, often hovered before him like a perplexed and spectral vision. Withal it should be remembered, that, though never delivered from Self, he was not cruel or unjust, nor incapable of generous actions and the deepest attachment. His harshness was often misinterpreted; for heat of temper deformed the movements of kindness; mockery also was the dialect in which he spoke and even thought, and often, under a calm or bitter smile, he could veil the wounds of a bleeding heart. A good or a wise man we must not call him: but to others his presence was beneficent, his injuries were to himself; and among the ordinary population of this world, to note him with the mark of reprobation were ungrateful and unjust.

His genius formed the most important element of his character, and of course participated in its faults. There are the materials of a glorious poet, but no poet has been fashioned out of them. His mind was not cultivated or brought under his own dominion; we admire the rich ingredients of it, and regret that they were never purified, and fused into a whole. His life was disjointed: he had to labour for his bread, and he followed three different arts; what wonder that in none of them he should attain perfection? Accordingly, except perhaps as a musician, the critics of his country deny him the name of an Artist: as a poet, he aimed but at popularity, and has attained little more. His intellect is seldom strong, and that only in glimpses; his abundant humour is too often false and local; his rich and gorgeous fancy is continually distorted into crotchets and caprices. In fact, he elaborated nothing; above all, not himself. His knowledge, except in the sphere of Art, is not extensive; for an author, he had read but little; criticisms, even of his own works, he never looked into; and except Richter, whom he saw only once, he seems never to have met with any individual whose conversation could instruct or direct him. Human nature he had studied only as a caricature-painter: men, it is said, in fact interested him chiefly as mimetic objects; their common doings and destiny were without beauty for him, and he observed and copied them only in their extravagances and ludicrous distortions His works were written with incredible speed, and they bear many marks of haste: it is seldom that any piece is perfected, that its brilliant and often genuine elements are blended in harmonious union. On the largest of his completed Novels, the *Elixiere des Teufels*, he himself set no value; and the *Kater Murr*, which he meant for a higher object, he did not live to finish, nor is it thought he could have finished it. His smaller pieces were mostly written for transitory publications, and too often with only a transitory excellence. We do not read them without interest, without high amusement; but the second reading pleases worse than the first: for there is too little meaning in that bright extravagance; it is but the hurried copy of the phantasms which forever masqueraded through the author's

mind ; it less resembles the creation of a poet, than the dream of an opium-eater.

With these faults a rigorous criticism may charge Hoffmann ; and this the more strictly, the greater his talent, the more undoubted his capability and obligation to avoid them. At the same time, to reject his claim, as has been done, to what the poets call their immortality, seems hard measure. If Callot and Teniers, his models, still figure in picture-galleries ; if Rabelais continues, after centuries, to be read, and even the *Caliph Vathek*, after decades, still finds admirers, the products of a mind so brilliant, wild and singular as that of Hoffmann may long hover in the remembrance of the world ; as objects of curiosity, of censure, and, on the whole, compared with absolute Nonentity, of entertainment, and partial approval. For the present, at least, as a child of his time and his country, he is not to be overlooked in any survey of German Literature, and least of all by the foreign student of it.

Among Hoffmann's shorter performances, I find *Meister Martin* noted by his critics as the most perfect : it is a story of ancient Nürnberg, and worked up in a style which even reminds us of the Author of Waverley. Nevertheless, I have selected this *Goldne Topf*,[1] as likelier to interest the English reader : it has more of the faults, but also more of the excellences peculiar to its author, and exhibits a much truer picture of his individuality. To recommend it, criticisms would be unavailing : there is no deep art involved in its composition ; to minds alive to the graces of Fancy, and disposed to pardon even its aberrations when splendid and kindly, this *Mährchen* will speak its whole meaning for itself ; and to others it has little or nothing to say. The most tolerant will see in it much to pardon, but even under its present disadvantages they may perhaps recognise in it the erratic footsteps of a poet, and lament with me that his course has ended so far short of the goal.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, one of the chosen men of Germany and of the World, whom I hoped, in my vanity, perhaps to gratify by this introduction of him to a people whom he knew and valued, has been called from his earthly sojourn since the commencement of my little task, and no voice, either of love or censure, shall any more reach his ear.

The circle of his existence is thus complete : his works and himself have assumed their final shape and combination, and lie ready for a judgment, which, when it is just, must now be unalterable. To satisfy a natural and rational curiosity respecting such a character,

[1] *Golden Pot*, our only Translation from Hoffmann.

materials are not wanting ; but to us in the mean time they are inaccessible. I have inquired in his own country, but without effect ; having learned only that two *Biographies* of Richter are in the press, but that nothing on the subject has hitherto been published. For the present, therefore, I must content myself with such meagre and transitory hints as were in circulation in his lifetime, and compress into a few sentences a history which might be written in volumes.

Richter was born at Wunsiedel in Bayreuth, on the 21st of March 1763. His father was clergyman of the place, and afterwards of Schwarzbach on the Saale. The young man also was destined for the clerical profession ; with a view to which, having finished his school-studies in the Hof Gymnasium, he in 1780 proceeded to the University of Leipzig, with the highest testimonials from his former masters. Theology as a profession, however, he could not relish ; poetry, philosophy and general literature, were his chief pursuits while at Leipzig ; from which, apparently after no long stay, he returned to Schwarzbach to his parents, uncertain what he should betake him to. In a little while, he attempted authorship; publishing various short miscellaneous pieces, distinguished by intellectual vigour, copious fancy, the wildest yet truest humour, the whole concocted in a style entirely his own, which, if it betrayed the writer's inexperience, could not hide the existence in him of a highly-gifted, strong and extraordinary mind. The reception of his first performances, or the inward felicity of writing, encouraged him to proceed : in the midst of an unsettled and changeful life, his pen was never idle, its productions never otherwise than new, fantastic and powerful: he lived successively in Hof, in Weimar, Berlin, Meiningen, Coburg, 'raying forth, wherever he might be stationed, the wild light of his genius over all Germany.' At last he settled in Bayreuth, having here, in testimony of his literary merit, been honoured with the title of Legations-Rath, and presented with a pension from his native Prince. In Bayreuth his chief works were written ; he had married, and been blessed with two children ; his intellectual labours had gained him esteem and love from all ranks of his countrymen, and chiefly from those whose suffrage was of most value ; a frank and original, yet modest, good and kind deportment, seems to have transferred these sentiments to his private circle : with a heart at once of the most earnest and most sportful cast ; affectionate, and encompassed with the objects of his affection ; diligent in the highest of all earthly tasks, the acquisition and the diffusion of Truth ; and witnessing from his sequestered home the working of his own mind on thousands of fellow-minds, Richter seemed happy and at peace ; and his distant reader loved to fancy him as in his calm privacy enjoying the fruit of past toils, or amid the highest and mildest meditations, looking forward to long honourable years of future toil. For his thoughts were manifold ; thoughts of a moralist and a sage, no less than

of a poet and a wit. The last work of his I saw advertised, was a little volume entitled, *On the Ever-green of our Feelings;* and in November (1825), news came that Richter was dead; and a heart, which we had figured as one of the truest, deepest and gentlest that ever lived in this world, was to beat no more.

Of Richter's private character I have learned little; but that little was all favourable, and accordant with the indications in his works Of his public and intellectual character much might be said and thought; for the secret of it is by no means floating on the surface, and it will reward some study. The most cursory inspection, even an external one, will satisfy us that he neither was, nor wished to be considered as, a man who wrote or thought in the track of other men, to whom common practice is a law, and whose excellences and defects the common formulas of criticism will easily represent. The very titles of his works are startling. One of his earliest performances is named *Selection from the Papers of the Devil;* another is *Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess.* His novels are almost uniformly introduced by some fantastic narrative accounting for his publication and obtainment of the story. *Hesperus*, his chief novel, bears the secondary title of a *Dog post-days*, and the chapters are named *Dog-posts*, as having been conveyed to him in a letter-bag, round the neck of a little nimble Shock from some unknown Island in the South sea.

The first aspect of these peculiarities cannot prepossess us in his favour; we are too forcibly reminded of theatrical clap-traps and literary quackery; nor on opening one of the works themselves is the case much mended. Piercing gleams of thought do not escape us; singular truths conveyed in a form as singular; grotesque and often truly ludicrous delineations; pathetic, magnificent, far-sounding passages; effusions full of wit, knowledge and imagination, but difficult to bring under any rubric whatever; all the elements, in short, of a glorious intellect, but dashed together in such wild arrangement, that their order seems the very ideal of confusion. The style and structure of the book appear alike incomprehensible. The narrative is every now and then suspended to make way for some "Extra-leaf," some wild digression upon any subject but the one in hand; the language groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things human and divine; flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation; circling in complex eddies, chafing and gurgling now this way, now that, till the proper current sinks out of view amid the boundless uproar. We close the work with a mingled feeling of astonishment, oppression and perplexity; and Richter stands before us in brilliant cloudy vagueness, a giant mass of intellect, but without form, beauty or intelligible purpose.

To readers who believe that intrinsic is inseparable from superficial excellence, and that nothing can be good or beautiful which is not to be

seen through in a moment, Richter can occasion little difficulty. They admit him to be a man of vast natural endowments, but he is utterly uncultivated, and without command of them ; full of monstrous affectation, the very High Priest of bad taste: knows not the art of writing, scarcely that there is such an art ; an insane visionary floating forever among baseless dreams, which hide the firm Earth from his view ; an intellectual Polyphemus ; in short, a *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens* (carefully adding) *cui lumen ademptum ;* and they close their verdict reflectively, with his own praiseworthy maxim : "Providence has given to the English the empire of the sea, to the French that of the land, to the Germans that of—the air."

In this way the matter is adjusted ; briefly, comfortably and wrong. The casket was difficult to open ; did we know by its very shape that there was nothing in it, that so we should cast it into the sea ? Affectation is often singularity, but singularity is not always affectation. If the nature and condition of a man be really and truly, not conceitedly and untruly, singular, so also will his manner be, so also ought it to be. Affectation is the product of Falsehood, a heavy sin, and the parent of numerous heavy sins ; let it be severely punished, but not too lightly imputed. Scarcely any mortal is absolutely free from it, neither most probably is Richter ; but it is in minds of another substance than his that it grows to be the ruling product. Moreover, he is actually not a visionary ; but, with all his visions, will be found to see the firm Earth in its whole figures and relations much more clearly than thousands of such critics, who too probably can see nothing else. Far from being untrained or uncultivated, it will surprise these persons to discover that few men have studied the art of writing, and many other arts besides, more carefully than he ; that his *Vorschule der Æsthetik* (Introduction to Æsthetics) abounds with deep and sound maxims of criticism ; in the course of which, many complex works, his own among others, are rigidly and justly tried, and even the graces and minutest qualities of style are by no means overlooked or unwisely handled.

Withal, there is something in Richter that incites us to a second, to a third perusal. His works are hard to understand, but they always have a meaning, and often a true and deep one. In our closer, more comprehensive glance, their truth steps forth with new distinctness, their error dissipates and recedes, passes into venality, often even into beauty ; and at last the thick haze which encircled the form of the writer melts away, and he stands revealed to us in his own stedfast features, a colossal spirit, a lofty and original thinker, a genuine poet, a high-minded, true and most amiable man.

I have called him a colossal spirit, for this impression continues with us: to the last we figure him as something gigantic ; for all the elements of his structure are vast, and combined together in living and life-giving, rather than in beautiful or symmetrical order. His Intellect is

keen, impetuous, far-grasping, fit to rend in pieces the stubbornest materials, and extort from them their most hidden and refractory truth. In his Humour he sports with the highest and the lowest, he can play at bowls with the sun and moon. His Imagination opens for us the Land of Dreams; we sail with him through the boundless abyss, and the secrets of Space, and Time, and Life, and Annihilation, hover round us in dim cloudy forms, and darkness, and immensity, and dread, encompass and overshadow us. Nay, in handling the smallest matter, he works it with the tools of a giant. A common truth is wrenched from its old combinations, and presented us in new, impassable, abysmal contrast with its opposite error. A trifle, some slender character, some weakling humorist, some jest, or quip, or spiritual toy, is shaped into most quaint, yet often truly living form; but shaped somehow as with the hammer of Vulcan, with three strokes that might have helped to forge an Ægis. The treasures of his mind are of a similar description with the mind itself; his knowledge is gathered from all the kingdoms of Art, and Science, and Nature, and lies round him in huge unwieldy heaps. His very language is Titanian; deep, strong, tumultuous, shining with a thousand hues, fused from a thousand elements, and winding in labyrinthic mazes.

Among Richter's gifts, perhaps the first that strikes us as truly great is his Imagination; for he loves to dwell in the loftiest and most solemn provinces of thought; his works abound with mysterious allegories, visions and typical adumbrations; his Dreams, in particular, have a gloomy vastness, broken here and there by wild far-darting splendour, and shadowy forms of meaning rise dimly from the bosom of the void Infinite. Yet, if I mistake not, Humour is his ruling quality, the quality which lives most deeply in his inward nature, and most strongly influences his manner of being. In this rare gift, for none is rarer than true humour, he stands unrivalled in his own country; and among late writers, in every other. To describe humour is difficult at all times, and would perhaps be still more difficult in Richter's case. Like all his other qualities, it is vast, rude, irregular; often perhaps overstrained and extravagant: yet fundamentally it is genuine humour, the humour of Cervantes and Sterne, the product not of Contempt but of Love, not of superficial distortion of natural forms, but of deep though playful sympathy with all forms of Nature. It springs not less from the heart than from the head; its result is not laughter, but something far kindlier and better; as it were, the balm which a generous spirit pours over the wounds or life, and which none but a generous spirit can give forth. Such humour is compatible with tenderest and sublimest feelings, or rather, it is incompatible with the want of them. In Richter, accordingly, we find a true sensibility; a softness, sometimes a simple humble pathos, which works its way into every heart. Some slight incident is carelessly thrown before us: we smile at it perhaps, but

with a smile more sad than tears; and the unpretending passage in its meagre brevity sinks deeper into the soul than sentimental volumes.

It is on the strength of this and its accompanying endowments, that his main success as an artist depends. His favourite characters have always a dash of the ridiculous in their circumstances or their composition, perhaps in both: they are often men of no account; vain, poor, ignorant, feeble; and we scarcely know how it is that we love them; for the author all along has been laughing no less heartily than we at their ineptitudes; yet so it is, his Fibel, his Fixlein, his Siebenkäs, even his Schmelzle, insinuate themselves into our affections; and their ultimate place is closer to our hearts than that of many more splendid heroes. This is the test of true humour; no wit, no sarcasm, no knowledge will suffice; not talent but genius will accomplish the result. It is in studying these characters that we first convince ourselves of Richter's claim to the title of a poet, of a true creator. For with all his wild vagueness, this highest intellectual honour cannot be refused him. The figures and scenes which he lays before us, distorted, entangled, indescribable as they seem, have a true poetic existence; for we not only *hear* them, but we *see* them, afar off, by the wondrous light, which none but the Poet, in the strictest meaning of that word, can shed over them.

So long as humour will avail him, his management even of higher and stronger characters may still be pronounced successful; but, whenever humour ceases to be applicable, his success is more or less imperfect. In the treatment of heroes proper he is seldom completely happy. They shoot into rugged exaggeration in his hands, their sensibility becomes too copious and tearful, their magnanimity too fierce, abrupt and thorough-going. In some few instances, they verge towards absolute failure: compared with their less ambitious brethren, they are almost of a vulgar cast; with all their brilliancy and vigour, too like that positive, determinate, choleric, volcanic class of personages whom we meet with so frequently in novels; they call themselves Men, and do their utmost to prove the assertion, but they cannot make us believe it; for after all their vapouring and storming we see well enough that they are but Engines, with no more life than the Freethinkers' model in *Martinus Scriblerus*, the Nuremberg Man, who operated by a combination of pipes and levers, and though he could breathe and digest perfectly, and even reason as well as most country parsons, was made of wood and leather. In the general conduct of such histories and delineations, Richter seldom appears to advantage: the incidents are often startling and extravagant; the whole structure of the story has a rugged, broken, huge, artificial aspect, and will not assume the air of truth. Yet its chasms are strangely filled up with the costliest materials; a world, a universe of wit and knowledge and fancy and imagination has sent its fairest products to

adorn the edifice ; the rude and rent cyclopean walls are resplendent with jewels and beaten gold ; rich stately foliage screens it, the balmiest odours encircle it ; we stand astonished if not captivated, delighted if not charmed by the artist and his art.

By a critic of his own country, Richter has been named a Western Oriental, an epithet which Goethe himself is at the pains to reproduce and illustrate in his *West-östlichter Divan*. The mildness, the warm all-comprehending love attributed to Oriental poets, may in fact be discovered in Richter ; not less their fantastic exaggeration, their brilliant extravagance ; above all, their overflowing abundance, their lyrical diffuseness, as if writing for readers who were altogether passive, to whom no sentiment could be intelligible unless it were expounded and dissected, and presented under all its thousand aspects. In this last point, Richter is too much an Oriental : his passionate outpourings would often be more effective were they far briefer. Withal, however, he is a Western Oriental : he lives in the midst of cultivated Europe in the nineteenth century ; he has looked with a patient and piercing eye on its motley aspect ; and it is this Europe, it is the changes of its many-coloured life, that are held up to us in his works. His subject is Life ; his chosen study has been Man. Few have known the world better, or taken at once a clearer and a kindlier view of its concerns. For Richter's mind is at peace with itself: a mild, humane, beneficent spirit breathes through his works. His very contempt, of which he is by no means incapable or sparing, is placid and tolerant ; his affection is warm, tender, comprehensive, not dwelling among the high places of the world, not blind to its objects when found among the poor and lowly. Nature in all her scenes and manifestations he loves with a deep, almost passionate love ; from the solemn phases of the starry heaven to the simple floweret of the meadow, his eye and his heart are open for her charms and her mystic meanings. From early years, he tells us, he may be said to have almost lived under the open sky : here he could recreate himself, here he studied, here he often wrote. It is not with the feeling of a mere painter and view-hunter that he looks on Nature : but he dwells amid her beauties and solemnities as in the mansion of a Mother ; he finds peace in her majestic peace ; he worships, in this boundless Temple, the great original of Peace, to whom the earth and the fulness thereof belongs. For Richter does not hide from us that he looks to the Maker of the Universe as to his Father ; that in his belief of man's Immortality lies the sanctuary of his spirit, the solace of all suffering, the solution of all that is mysterious in human destiny. The wild freedom with which he treats the dogmas of religion must not mislead us to suppose that he himself is irreligious or unbelieving. It is Religion, it is Belief, in whatever dogmas expressed, or whether expressed in any, that has reconciled for him the contradictions of existence, that has overspread his path with light, and chastened the fiery elements of his

spirit by mingling with them Mercy and Humility. To many of my readers it may be surprising, that in this respect Richter is almost solitary among the great minds of his country. These men too, with few exceptions, seem to have arrived at spiritual peace, at full harmonious development of being; but their path to it has been different. In Richter alone, among the great (and even sometimes truly moral) writers of his day,[1] do we find the Immortality of the Soul expressly insisted on, nay so much as incidentally alluded to. This is a fact well meriting investigation and reflection, but here is not the place for treating it

Of Richter's Works I have left myself no room for speaking individually; nor, except with large details, could the criticism of them be attempted with any profit. His Novels, published in what order I have not accurately learned, are the *Unsichtbare Loge* (Invisible Lodge); *Flegeljahre* (Wild Oats); *Leben Fibels, Verfassers der Beinrodischen Fibel* (Life of Fibel; or to translate the spirit of it: Life of Primer, Author of the Christ-church Primer); *Leben des Quintus Fixlein*, and *Schmelzle's Reise*, here presented to the English reader; *Katzenberger's Badereise*, and the *Jubelsenior;* with two of much larger and more ambitious structure, *Hesperus* and *Titan*, each of which I have in its turn seen rated as his masterpiece: the former only is known to me. His work on Criticism has been mentioned already: he has also written on Education, a volume named *Levana;* the *Campanerthal* (Campanian Vale) I understand to turn upon the Immortality of the Soul. His miscellaneous and fugitive writings were long to enumerate. Essays, fantasies, apologues, dreams, have appeared in various periodicals: the best of these performances, collected and revised by himself, were published some years ago under the title of *Herbst-Blumine* (Autumnal Flora). There is also a *Chrestomathie* (what we should call Beauties) of Richter, in four volumes.

To characterise these works would be difficult after the fullest inspection: to describe them to English readers would be next to impossible. Whether poetical, philosophical, didactic, or fantastic, they seem all to be emblems, more or less complete, of the singular mind where they originated. As a whole, the first perusal of them, more particularly to a foreigner, is almost infallibly offensive; and neither their meaning, nor their no-meaning, is to be discerned without long and sedulous study. They are a tropical wilderness, full of endless tortuosities; but with the fairest flowers, and the coolest fountains; now overarching us with high umbrageous gloom, now opening in

[1] The two venerable Jacobis belong, in character, if scarcely in date, to an older school; so also does Herder, from whom Richter learned much, both morally and intellectually, and whom he seems to have loved and reverenced beyond any other. Wieland is intelligible enough; a sceptic in the style of Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury, what we call a French or Scotch sceptic, a rather shallow species. Lessing also is a sceptic, but of a much nobler sort; a doubter who deserved to believe.

long gorgeous vistas. We wander through them enjoying their wild grandeur ; and by degrees, our half-contemptuous wonder at the Author passes into reverence and love. His face was long hid from us : but we see him at length, in the firm shape of spiritual manhood ; a vast and most singular nature, but vindicating his singular nature by the force, the beauty and benignity which pervade it. In fine, we joyfully accept him for what he is, and was meant to be. The graces, the polish, the sprightly elegancies which belong to men of lighter make, we cannot look for or demand from him His movement is essentially slow and cumbrous, for he advances not with one faculty, but with a whole mind; with intellect, and pathos, and wit. and humour, and imagination, moving onward like a mighty host, motley, ponderous, irregular and irresistible. He is not airy, sparkling and precise ; but deep, billowy and vast. The melody of his nature is not expressed in common note-marks, or written down by the critical gamut ; for it is wild and manifold; its voice is like the voice of cataracts and the sounding of primeval forests. To feeble ears it is discord, but to ears that understand it deep majestic music.

In his own country, we are told,[1] "Richter has been in fashion, then out of fashion, then in it again ; till at last he has been raised far above all fashion," which indeed is his proper place. What his fate will be in England is now to be decided. Could much-respected counsels from admirers of Richter have availed with me, he had not at present been put upon his trial. Predictions are unanimous that here he will be condemned or even neglected. Of my countrymen, in this small instance, I have ventured to think otherwise. To those, it is true, "the space of whose Heaven does not extend more than three ells," and who understand and perceive that with these three ells the Canopy of the Universe terminates, Richter will justly enough appear a monster, from without the verge of warm three-ell Creation ; and their duty, with regard to him, will limit itself to chasing him forth of the habitable World, back again into his native Chaos. If we judge of works of art, as the French do of language, with a *Celà ne se dit pas*, Richter will not escape his doom ; for it is too true that he respects not the majesty of Use and Wont, and has said and thought much which is by no means usually said and thought. In England, however, such principles of literary jurisprudence are rarer. To many, I may hope, even

[1] Franz Horn's *Poesie und Beredsamkeit der Deutschen* (Poetry and Eloquence of the Germans, from Luther's time to the present) ; a work which I am bound to recommend to all students of German literature, as a valuable guide and indicator. Rating a certain not altogether erroneous sectarianism in regard to religion ; and a certain jaunty priggishness of style, nay, it must be owned, a corresponding priggishness of character, they will find in Horn a lively, fair, well read, and on the whole interesting and instructive critic. The work is in three volumes ; to which a prior publication, entitled *Umrisse* (Outlines), forms a fourth ; bringing down the History, or rather Sketch, to the borders of the year 1819.

this dim glimpse of a spirit like Richter's will be gratifying; and if it can hardly be expected that their first judgment of him will be favourable, curiosity may be awakened, and a second and a truer judgment, on ampler grounds and maturer reflection, may follow. His larger works must ultimately become known to us; they deserve it better than thousands which have had that honour.

Of the two Works here offered to the reader, little special explanation is required. *Schmelzle's Journey* I have not found noticed by any of his German critics; and must give it on my own responsibility, as one of the most finished, as it is at least one of the simplest, among his smaller humorous performances. *The Life of Fixlein*, no stepchild in its own country, seems nevertheless a much more immature as it is a much earlier composition I select it not without reluctance; rather from necessity than preference. Its faults, I am too sure, will strike us much sooner than its beauties; and even by the friendliest and most patient critic, it must be admitted that among the latter, many of our Author's highest qualities are by no means exhibited in full concentration, nay, that some of them are wanting altogether, or at best, indicated rather than evinced. Let the reader accept it with such allowances; not as Richter's best novel, which it is far from being, but simply as his shortest complete one; not as a full impress of him, but as a faint outline, intended rather to excite curiosity than to satisfy it. On the whole, Richter's is a mind peculiarly difficult to represent by specimen; for its elements are comp'ex and various, and it is not more by quality than by quantity that it impresses us.

Both Works I have endeavoured to present in their full dimensions, with all their appurtenances, strange as some of these may appear. If the language seem rugged, heterogeneous, perplexed, the blame is not wholly mine. Richter's style may be pronounced the most untranslatable, not in German only, but in any other modern literature.[1] Let the English reader fancy a Burton writing, not an *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but a foreign romance, through the scriptory organs of a Jeremy Bentham! Richter exhausts all the powers of his own most ductile language: what in him was overstrained and rude, would naturally become not less but more so in the hands of his translator.

For this, and many other offences of my Author, apologies might be attempted; but much as I wish for a favourable sentence, it is not

[1] The following long title of a little German Book I may quote by way of premunition: "K. REINHOLD'S *Lexicon for* JEAN PAUL'S *Works, or Explanation of all the foreign Words and unusual Modes of Speech which occur in his Writings; with short Notices of the historical Persons and Facts therein alluded to; and plain German Versions of the most difficult Passages in the Context. A necessary Assistant for all who would read those Works with Profit. First Volume containing* LEVANA. Leipzig, 1808." Unhappily, with this First Volume, K. Reinhold seems to have stopped short. More than once, in the following pages, have I longed for his help: and been forced at last to rest satisfied with *a* meaning, and too imperfect a conviction that it was the right one.

meet that Richter, in the Literary Judgment-hall, should appear as a culprit; or solicit suffrages, which, if he cannot claim them, are unavailing. With the hundred real, and the ten thousand seeming weaknesses of his cause, a fair trial is a thing he will court rather than dread.

GOETHE.

THE distinguished and peculiar man, who occupies the last volume in our Collection, has lightened the task of his biographers and critics, by a work of great interest, which he has himself given to the world, and of which some more or less accurate resemblance is also before the English reader. In his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Goethe has accomplished the difficult problem of autobiography with what seems a singular success: here, in the kindest and coolest spirit, he conducts us through the scenes of his past existence; unfolds with graphic clearness, and light gay dignity, whatever influenced the formation of his character and mode of thought; depicting all with the knowledge of a chief actor, and the calm impartial penetration of a spectator; speaking of himself as many would wish, but few are able, to speak of themselves: In the temper of a third party, and not sooner or not farther than others are desirous and entitled to hear that subject treated. If the old remark is true, that a faithful secret-history of the humblest human being would be attractive and instructive to the highest, this picture of the spiritual and moral growth of a Goethe may well be considered as deserving no common attention. I am sorry to understand that the English version of the work is not from the German, but from the French: judging by the size of the book, the business of curtailment in this *Life of Goethe* must have been proceeded in with a liberal and fearless hand; it seems also that there are additions, which probably are still more offensive. To this copy of the portrait, defaced and distorted as it cannot fail to be, I must not refer the reader: yet all that can be attempted here is a few slight sketches, more in the way of commentary than of narrative.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort on the Mayn, on the 28th of August 1749. The station and circumstances of his family were of a favourable sort: his father bore the title of Imperial Councillor, and though personally unconnected with active affairs, stood in close relation with the influential and cultivated classes of the community. Both parents appear likewise to have been of a determinate and genuine form of mind, possessing many virtues, and no inconsiderable share of intellectual gifts and attainments. In the height of his fame, it was observed of Goethe, that his true-hearted, idiomatic and expressive style of speech recalled his mother to memory; who, while nursing her fair boy on her knee, had little dreamed that in him her

own good and kindly character was to be transfigured to such beauty and enlargement, and transmitted in glorious emblems to distant countries and succeeding ages. The father, of course, was fashioned in a more rugged mould, and seems also to have been originally of sterner stuff; a rigorous, abrupt, positive and thoroughgoing man; somewhat of a humorist, for he actually built his house from the top downwards; testy and indomitable, but not ill-natured or ungenerous; clear in his perceptions, as he was resolute in his actions; and withal of an honest and manly heart. Both these modes of character appear to have united in the son; the liveliest susceptibility of all sorts was superadded to them; and the scene he lived in acted on him with strong and complicated influences. These earliest images of his memory he has set before us with the most graceful simplicity in the work above referred to: the aspects of life in Gothic Frankfort, with its old German minds and old German manners, are brought home to our eyes; we walk among rich old-fashioned wondrous objects, and converse with originals as wondrous and old-fashioned as their abode.

Goethe was destined, as his father had been, for the profession of law; and in due time, he went successively to Leipzig and Strasburg, to prepare for, and to undertake, the study of it. But his quick, impassioned and discursive mind, impressed by the most varied impulses, was continually diverging into many provinces remote enough from this his appointed occupation; for which, as was naturally to be expected, he had never shown any preference; though, from time to time, he had not failed to prosecute, with fits of resolute diligence, the tasks prescribed by it. In 1771, he obtained his degree: but if the form of his outward life might now seem clear and determined, his inward world was still in a state of uproar and disorder. The ambition of wealth and official celebrity would not seize him with due force: a thousand vague purposes, and vehement wishes, and brightest and blackest forecastings, were conflicting within him; for a strong spirit was here struggling to body itself forth from the most discordant elements; and what was at last to rise as a fair universe of thought still rolled as a dim and wasteful chaos.

By degrees, however, after not a little suffering in many hard contests with himself and his circumstances, he began to emerge from these troubles: light dawned on his course; and his true destination, a life of literature, became more and more plain to him. His first efforts were crowned with a success well calculated to confirm him in such purposes. *Götz von Berlichingen*, an historical drama of the Feudal Ages, appeared in 1773; by the originality both of its subjects and its execution, attracting the public eye to the young author: and next year his *Sorrows of Werter* rose like a literary meteor on the world; and carried his name on its blazing wings, not only over Germany, but into the remotest corners of Europe. The chief incident of this work

had been suggested by a tragical catastrophe, which had occurred in his neighbourhood, during a residence at Wetzlar: the emotions and delineations which give life to it; the vague impassioned longing, the moody melancholy, the wayward love and indignation, the soft feeling and the stern philosophy, which characterise the hero, he had drawn from his own past or actual experience.

The works just mentioned, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits, as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books, which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe, than these two performances of a young author; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word once uttered was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all the notes of the gamut, till at length the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries; and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen:* and if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the Earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.

But overlooking these spiritual genealogies, which bring little certainty and little profit, it may be sufficient to observe of *Berlichingen* and *Werter*, that they stand prominent among the causes, or, at the very least, among the signals, of a great change in modern Literature. The former directed men's attention with a new force to the picturesque effects of the Past; and the latter, for the first time, attempted the more accurate delineation of a class of feelings, deeply important to modern minds; but for which our elder poetry offered no exponent, and perhaps could offer none, because they are feelings that arise from passion

incapable of being converted into action, and belong chiefly to an age as indolent, cultivated and unbelieving as our own. This, notwithstanding the dash of falsehood which may exist in *Werter* itself, and the boundless delirium of extravagance which it called forth in others, is a high praise which cannot justly be denied it. The English reader ought also to understand that our current version of *Werter* is mutilated and inaccurate: it comes to us through the all-subduing medium of the French; shorn of its caustic strength; with its melancholy rendered maudlin; its hero reduced from the stately gloom of a broken-hearted poet to the tearful wrangling of a dyspeptic tailor.

One of the very first to perceive the faults of these works, and the ridiculous extravagance of their imitators, was Goethe himself. In this unlooked-for and unexampled popularity, he was far from feeling that he had attained his object: this first outpouring of his soul had calmed its agitations, not exhausted or even indicated its strength; and he now began to see afar off a much higher region, as well as glimpses of the track by which it might be reached. To cultivate his own spirit, not only as an author, but as a man; to obtain dominion over it, and wield its resources as instruments in the service of what seemed Good and Beautiful, had been his object more or less distinctly from the first, as it is that of all true men in their several spheres. According to his own deep maxim, that 'Doubt of any sort can only be removed by Action,' this object had now become more clear to him; and he may be said to have pursued it to the present hour, with a comprehensiveness and unwearied perseverance, rarely if ever exemplified in the history of such a mind.

His external relations had already ceased to obstruct him in this pursuit, and they now became more favourable than ever. In 1776, the Heir Apparent of Weimar was passing through Frankfort; on which occasion, by the intervention of some friends, he waited upon Goethe. The visit must have been mutually agreeable; for a short time afterwards, the young author was invited to Court; apparently, to contribute his assistance in various literary institutions and arrangements, then proceeding or contemplated; and in pursuance of this honourable call, he accordingly settled at Weimar, with the title of *Legationsrath*, and the actual dignity of a place in the *Collegium*, or Council. The connexion, begun under such favourable auspices, and ever since continued unimpaired, has been productive of important consequences, not only to Weimar, but to all Germany. The noble purpose undertaken by the Duchess Amelia, was zealously forwarded by the young Duke on his accession; under whose influence, supported and directed by his new Councillor, this inconsiderable state has gained for itself a fairer distinction than any of its larger, richer, or more warlike rivals. By degrees, whatever was brightest in the genius of Germany had been gathered to this little Court: a classical theatre was under the superin-

tendence of Goethe and Schiller; here Wieland taught and sung; in the pulpit was Herder: and possessing such a four, the small town of Weimar, some twenty years ago, might challenge the proudest capital of the world to match it in intellectual wealth. Occupied so profitably to his country, and honourably to himself, Goethe continued rising in estimation with his Prince: by degrees, a political was added to his literary influence; in 1779 he became Privy Councillor; President in 1782; and, at length, after his return from Italy, where he had spent two years in various studies and observation, he was appointed Minister; a post which he only a few years ago resigned, on his final retirement from public affairs. In this, his second country, he still resides. The German biographies are careful to inform us that by the Duke of Weimar he was ennobled; and decorated by Alexander and Napoleon, and various other kings and kaisers, with their several insignia of honour.

A much purer and more imperishable series of honours he has earned for himself, by the peaceful efforts of his own genius. His active duties were, at all times, more or less intimately connected with literature; they seem not to have obstructed the silent labours of his closet; and perhaps they rather forwarded the great business of his life, a thorough universal culture of all his being. Goethe's history is a picture of the most diverse studies and acquisitions: Literature he has tried successfully in nearly every one of its departments; with Art, ancient and modern, he has familiarised himself beyond a rival; Science, also, he seems to have surveyed with no careless or feeble eye, and his contributions to several of its branches, particularly of Botany and Optics, have been thankfully received by their professors. Some of our readers may be surprised to learn, that the painted Diagram of Mountain-altitudes which ornaments their libraries, exhibiting in one view the successive elevations of the Globe, was devised by the Author of *Faust* and *The Sorrows of Werter*.

Goethe's purely literary works amount to between twenty and thirty considerable volumes. A bare enumeration of their names, without note or comment, would be perplexing rather than instructive; and for note or comment of the humblest sort our present limits are too narrow. In the province of the Drama, omitting *Egmont*, *Iphigenie*, and multitudes of lighter pieces, we must mention, as entitled to peculiar distinction, the tragedy of *Torquato Tasso*, and the play of *Faust*. The first paints, in simple gracefulness, the poetic temperament at conflict with the ordinances of vulgar life; a pure and touching picture, full of wisdom, calm depth and unostentatious pathos. The second, of a still deeper character, images forth, in the superstitious tradition of *Faust*, the contest of the good principle in human nature with the bad; the struggle of Man's Soul against Ignorance, Sin and Suffering; the indirect subject of many, perhaps of all true poems; but here treated directly, with a wild mysterious impressiveness, which distinguishes this play

from every other. *Faust* and also *Iphigenie* have been translated into English.

Another singular performance of Goethe's is *Reinecke Fuchs*, a poetic version of the old tale, said to be originally a Netherlands political pasquinade, and which exists in English, under the corresponding title of *Reynard the Fox*. Goethe's work is written in hexameters, in twelve books, like another Æneid: a wondrous affair; imbued with the truest humour, full of marvellous imitations, grotesque descriptions, and manifold moralities. If beasts could speak, we should surely expect them to express their 'general views' as they are made to do in this epos: the ass here is a philosophical masticator of thistles and gorse; Bruin thinks, and talks, and acts, like a very bear; and 'Malapertus the Fortress' is still redolent of murdered poultry. Nor is this strange mimicry the sole charm of the work; for there is method in its madness; across these marvellous delineations we discern a deeper significance. It is a parody of human life, as it were, a magic picture, with forms of the wildest mirth, which, while we gaze on them, sadden into serious and instructive, though still smiling, monitors. *Herman und Dorothea* is also written in hexameters, and with a cheerful earnestness, which has recommended it to great favour with the Germans. You see it printed in gay miniature, with gilding and decorations; and friend testifies his kindness to friend by the present of this *Civic Epos*.

In the Romance department, Goethe has written several works, and on peculiar principles. Besides *Werter*, we have *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (The Elective Affinities); and five years ago he published the first volume of *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, a fragment which the reader is now to have an opportunity of perusing. These performances, though bearing the common name of novel, are of very varied quality: and some of them but ill represented by so trivial a title. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, for instance, whatever may be thought of it in other respects, has a deeper object than many a poem which has called itself epic: nor was it hastily or carelessly huddled together without study; for this novel, it would appear, lay ten years in the Author's mind and hand, one year longer than even the Horatian period. Like many of his other works, *Meister* has called forth a numerous series of imitations; but the strength of such productions lies less in the form than in the substance, which it is not so easy to copy; and accordingly, when most of these 'Art-novels' are forgotten, *Meister* alone continues rising in esteem. Except the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, all Goethe's novels are now in English.

Of his numerous short Poems it is difficult to say a well-weighed word: for they are of all sorts, gay and grave, descriptive, lyrical, didactic, idyllic, epigrammatic; and of all these species, the common name, without long expositions, would, when applied to him, excite a false idea. Goethe is nowhere more entirely original, more fascinating,

more indescribable, than in his smaller poems. One quality which very generally marks them, particularly those of a later date, is their peculiar expressiveness, their fulness of meaning. A single thing is said, and a thousand things are indicated. They are spells which cleave to our memory, and by which we summon beautiful spirits from the vasty deep of thought. Often at the first aspect they appear commonplace, or altogether destitute of significance: we look at the lines on the canvas; and they seem careless dashes, mere random strokes, representing nothing save the caprices of their author; we change our place, we shift and shift, till we find the right point of view; and all at once a fair figure starts into being, encircled with graces and light charms, and by its witcheries attracting heart and mind. In his songs he recalls to us those of Shakspeare: they are not speeches, but musical tones; the sentiment is not stated in logical sequence, but poured forth in fitful and fantastic suggestions: they are the wild wood-notes of the nightingale; they are to be sung, not said.

A large portion of Goethe's writings still remains to be classed under the head of Miscellanies. We have sketches of Travels; dissertations, direct or allegorical, on Art; autobiography, continuous or in fragments; fantasies, dialogues, or other light essays, on Taste, Manners, and Morals; there is even a short treatise on the geography of the Children of Israel's journey into Canaan! Nor has he disdained the humble offices of a translator and editor. The *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, which lately appeared in English, he long ago translated, with notes. Voltaire's *Mahomet* had a similar honour from him; also Diderot's *Neveu de Rameau*, the original of which was published only very lately, many years after the German version. His editorial functions, I believe, he has not yet laid aside; for two periodicals, the *Morphologie* and the *Kunst und Alterthum* (Art and Antiquities), are still occasionally continued under his direction and coöperation.

Such are some specimens of the labours, in which Goethe has spent many diligent and most honourable years. That they are too varied to be all excellent, that he would have better cared for his fame, had he limited his efforts to a narrower circle, is an obvious cavil; to which also he can reply, as he has already done for D'Alembert, that there are higher things on Earth than fame; that a universal development of our spiritual nature may actually be more precious to us than the solace of our vanity; that the true business is to *be*, not to *seem*; and that intellectual *artisanship*, however wondered at, is less desirable than intellectual *manhood*. Goethe has a right to speak on this subject: for he has tried public favour, and tried the want of it; and found that he could hold on his way through either fortune. Thirty years ago, he might be said to be without an audience even in his own country; his best works were received with chilling apathy, or objected to with the most melancholy stolidity; and many a good-

natured friend might be heard lamenting that the genius of Goethe should have faded with the fire of his youth, that the author of *Werter* and *Berlichingen* should have sunk to *Meister* and *Torquato Tasso*. Goethe had outgrown his generation; his culture was too high for its apprehension. He went on unweariedly to cultivate himself still farther. These things have their day: the reign of Stupidity is boisterous and boastful; but it shall not endure forever. A better race of critics arose; the Nicolais [1] and Mansos gave place to the Schlegels, the Tiecks, the Richters. Goethe has lived to see a truer time; his calm perseverance has met with its outward as well as its inward rewards; and what was once the solitary consciousness of his own mind, is now reflected back to him from millions of approving minds. In the evening of his glorious life, a destiny has been provided for him such as falls to the lot of few mortals. Secluded in the bosom of his family; surrounded, and still occupied, with whatever is curious in literature, science, or art, the venerable Master, in looking at the bright past, may find it yet in harmony with the present and the future: for his heart and hand are still busy in his vocation; faces that love him gladden his abode; and voices of reverence and gratitude reach him from all ends of the world. His mental faculties seem visited by no decay: the work written last year is as full of life as the work written threescore years ago: his mind is growing older, but more interesting, as well as older; it is stiller, wiser, lovelier; and the long shadows of evening are blended with the mellowest sunshine. His *West-östlicher Divan*, a series of *Western-oriental* sketches and poems, is still as graceful and expressive as if half a century had been subtracted from its date. *Wilhelm Meister's Travels* was published in 1821; and some of our readers may peruse it with a new interest, as the singular specimen of a light and living poem by a man of seventy-two.

[1] Nicolai was a Bookseller in Berlin; a man of a shrewd, inquiring, substantial mind; what is called a sound practical man. He had made considerable attainments in knowledge, by his own unaided efforts; and was indeed a very meritorious person, had he not committed one fundamental error: To the very last he never could persuade himself that there was anything in Heaven or Earth which had not been dreamed of in *his* philosophy. He was animated with a fierce zeal against Jesuits; in this most people thought him partly right: but when he wrote against Kant's philosophy, without comprehending it; and judged of poetry as he judged of Brunswick mum, by its *utility*, many people thought him wrong. A man of such spiritual habitudes is now by the Germans called a *Philister*, Philistine: Nicolai earned for himself the painful preëminence of being *Erz-Philister*, Arch-Philistine. Stray specimens of the Philistine nation are said to exist in our own Islands; but we have no name for them like the Germans; who indeed, by this cheek-burning, may perhaps be thought to have cleaned their country *too* well of these Uncircumcised. By way of explanation, I should add, that *Philister*, in the dialect of German Universities, corresponds to the *Brute* of Cambridge; designating every non-student. As applied to Nicolai and his kindred, it came into use in the period of *Xenien* (see § *Tieck*); and in this sense it is now to be found, with all its derivatives, even in grave writings. At present, the literary Philistine seldom shows, never parades himself in Germany; and when he does appear he is in the last stage of emaciation.

Of a nature so rare and complex it is difficult to form a true comprehension; difficult even to express what comprehension we have formed. In Goethe's mind, the first aspect that strikes us is its calmness, then its beauty; a deeper inspection reveals to us its vastness and unmeasured strength. This man rules, and is not ruled. The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand, without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward, shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow: all these are his, he is not theirs. While he moves every heart from its stedfastness, his own is firm and still: the words that search into the inmost recesses of our nature, he pronounces with a tone of coldness and equanimity; in the deepest pathos he weeps not, or his tears are like water trickling from a rock of adamant. He is king of himself and of his world; nor does he rule it like a vulgar great man, like a Napoleon or Charles Twelfth, by the mere brute exertion of his will, grounded on no principle, or on a false one: his faculties and feelings are not fettered or prostrated under the iron sway of Passion, but led and guided in kindly union under the mild sway of Reason; as the fierce primeval elements of Nature were stilled at the coming of Light, and bound together under its soft vesture, into a glorious and beneficent Creation.

This is the true Rest of man; no stunted unbelieving callousness, no reckless surrender to blind Force, no opiate delusion; but the harmonious adjustment of Necessity and Accident, of what is changeable and what is unchangeable in our destiny; the calm supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances; the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of only a chosen few. It comes not unsought to any; but the wise are wise because they think no price too high for it. Goethe's inward home has been reared by slow and laborious efforts; but it stands on no hollow or deceitful basis: for his peace is not from blindness, but from clear vision; not from uncertain hope of alteration, but from sure insight into what cannot alter. His world seems once to have been desolate and baleful as that of the darkest sceptic: but he has covered it anew with beauty and solemnity, derived from deeper sources, over which Doubt can have no sway. He has inquired fearlessly, and fearlessly searched out and denied the False; but he has not forgotten, what is equally essential and infinitely harder, to search out and admit the True. His heart is still full of warmth, though his head is clear and cold; the world for him is still full of grandeur, though he clothes it with no false colours; his fellow-creatures are still objects of reverence and love, though their basenesses are plainer to no eye than to his. To reconcile these contradictions is the task of all good men, each for himself, in his own way and manner; a task which, in our

age, is encompassed with difficulties peculiar to the time; and which Goethe seems to have accomplished with a success that few can rival. A mind so in unity with itself, even though it were a poor and small one, would arrest our attention, and win some kind regard from us; but when this mind ranks among the strongest and most complicated of the species, it becomes a sight full of interest, a study full of deep instruction.

Such a mind as Goethe's is the fruit not only of a royal endowment by nature, but also of a culture proportionate to her bounty. In Goethe's original form of spirit we discern the highest gifts of manhood, without any deficiency of the lower: he has an eye and a heart equally for the sublime, the common, and the ridiculous; the elements at once of a poet, a thinker, and a wit. Of his culture we have often spoken already; and it deserves again to be held up to praise and imitation. This, as he himself unostentatiously confesses, has been the soul of all his conduct, the great enterprise of his life, and few that understand him will be apt to deny that he has prospered. As a writer, his resources have been accumulated from nearly all the provinces of human intellect and activity; and he has trained himself to use these complicated instruments with a light expertness which we might have admired in the professor of a solitary department. Freedom, and grace, and smiling earnestness are the characteristics of his works: the matter of them flows along in chaste abundance, in the softest combination; and their style is referred to by native critics as the highest specimen of the German tongue. On this latter point the vote of a stranger may well be deemed unavailing; but the charms of Goethe's style lie deeper than the mere words; for language, in the hands of a master, is the express image of thought, or rather it is the body of which thought is the soul; the former rises into being together with the latter, and the graces of the one are shadowed forth in the movements of the other. Goethe's language, even to a foreigner, is full of character and secondary meanings; polished, yet vernacular and cordial, it sounds like the dialect of wise, ancient, and true-hearted men: in poetry, brief, sharp, simple and expressive; in prose, perhaps still more pleasing; for it is at once concise and full, rich, clear, unpretending and melodious; and the sense, not presented in alternating flashes, piece after piece revealed and withdrawn, rises before us as in continuous dawning, and stands at last simultaneously complete, and bathed in the mellowest and ruddiest sunshine. It brings to mind what the prose of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Browne, would have been, had they written under the good, without the bad influences, of that French precision, which has polished and attenuated, trimmed and impoverished, all modern languages; made our meaning clear, and too often shallow as well as clear.

But Goethe's culture as a writer is perhaps less remarkable than his culture as a man. He has learned not in head only, but also in heart;

not from Art and Literature, but also by action and passion, in the rugged school of Experience. If asked what was the grand characteristic of his writings, we should not say knowledge, but wisdom. A mind that has seen, and suffered, and done, speaks to us of what it has tried and conquered. A gay delineation will give us notice of dark and toilsome experiences, of business done in the great deep of the spirit; a maxim, trivial to the careless eye, will rise with light and solution over long perplexed periods of our own history. It is thus that heart speaks to heart, that the life of one man becomes a possession to all. Here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements; but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. Goethe may be called a Philosopher; for he loves and has practised as a man the wisdom which, as a poet, he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes: it is understood that we must all simply strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions; but a persevering effort to make Truth lovely and recommend her, by a thousand avenues, to the hearts of all men. Of his personal manners we can easily believe the universal report, as often given in the way of censure as of praise, that he is a man of consummate breeding and the stateliest presence: for an air of polished tolerance, of courtly, we might almost say majestic repose, and serene humanity, is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man; scarcely ever even of a thing. He knows the good, and loves it; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it; but in neither case with violence: his love is calm and active; his rejection is implied rather than pronounced; meek and gentle, though we see that it is thorough, and never to be revoked. The noblest and the basest he not only seems to comprehend, but to personate and body forth in their most secret lineaments: hence actions and opinions appear to him as they are, with all the circumstances which extenuate or endear them to the hearts where they originated and are entertained. This also is the spirit of our Shakspeare, and perhaps of every great dramatic poet. Shakspeare is no sectarian; to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all, and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence govern it; and to him it is not strange that the sun should be caused to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust.

Goethe has been called the German Voltaire; but it is a name which does him wrong, and describes him ill. Except in the corresponding variety of their pursuits and knowledge, in which, perhaps, it does Voltaire wrong, the two cannot be compared. Goethe is all, or the best of all, that Voltaire was, and he is much that Voltaire did not dream of. To say nothing of his dignified and truthful character as a man, he belongs,

as a thinker and a writer, to a far higher class than this *enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta.* He is not a questioner and a despiser, but a teacher and a reverencer ; not a destroyer, but a builder-up ; not a wit only, but a wise man Of him Montesquieu could not have said, with even epigrammatic truth : *Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a.* Voltaire was the *cleverest* of all past and present men ; but a great man is something more, and this he surely was not.

As poets, the two lived not in the same hemisphere, not in the same world. Of Voltaire's poetry, it were blindness to deny the polished intellectual vigour, the logical symmetry, the flashes that from time to time give it the colour, if not the warmth, of fire : but it is in a far other sense than this that Goethe is a poet ; in a sense of which the French literature has never afforded any example. We may venture to say of him, that his province is high and peculiar ; higher than any poet but himself, for several generations, has so far succeeded in, perhaps even has stedfastly attempted. In reading Goethe's poetry, it perpetually strikes us that we are reading the poetry of our own day and generation. No demands are made on our credulity ; the light, the science, the scepticism of the age, are not hid from us. He does not deal in antiquated mythologies, or ring changes on traditionary poetic forms ; there are no supernal, no infernal influences, for *Faust* is an apparent rather than a real exception : but there is the barren prose of the nineteenth century, the vulgar life which we are all leading ; and it starts into strange beauty in his hands ; and we pause in delighted wonder to behold the flower of Poesy blooming in that parched and rugged soil. This is the end of his *Mignons* and *Harpers*, of his *Tassos* and *Meisters*. Poetry, as he views it, exists not in time or place, but in the spirit of man ; and Art, with Nature, is now to perform for the poet, what Nature alone performed of old. The divinities and demons, the witches, spectres, and fairies, are vanished from the world, never again to be recalled : but the Imagination which created these still lives, and will forever live in man's soul ; and can again pour its wizard light over the Universe, and summon forth enchantments as lovely or impressive, and which its sister faculties will not contradict. To say that Goethe has accomplished all this, would be to say that his genius is greater than was ever given to any man ; for if it was a high and glorious mind, or rather series of minds, that peopled the first ages with their peculiar forms of poetry, it must be a series of minds much higher and more glorious that shall so people the present. The angels and demons that can lay prostrate our hearts in the nineteenth century, must be of another and more cunning fashion than those that subdued us in the ninth. To have attempted, to have begun this enterprise, may be accounted the greatest praise. That Goethe ever meditated it in the form here set forth, we have no direct evidence ; but indeed such is the end and aim of high poetry at all times and seasons ; for the fiction of the

poet is not falsehood, but the purest truth ; and if he would lead captive our whole being, not rest satisfied with a part of it, he must address us on interests that *are*, not that *were*, ours ; and in a dialect which finds a response, and not a contradiction, within our bosoms.

How Goethe has fulfilled these conditions in addressing us, an inspection of his works, but no description, can inform us. Let me advise the reader to study them, and see. If he come to the task with an opinion that poetry is an amusement, a passive recreation ; that its highest object is to supply a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions, his measure of enjoyment is likely to be scanty, and his criticisms will be loud, angry and manifold. But if he know and believe that poetry is the essence of all science, and requires the purest of all studies ; if he recollect that the new may not always be the false ; that the excellence which can be seen in a moment is not usually a very deep one ; above all, if his own heart be full of feelings and experiences, for which he finds no name and no solution, but which lie in pain imprisoned and unuttered in his breast, till the Word be spoken, the spell that is to unbind them, and bring them forth to liberty and light ; then, if I mistake not, he will find that in this Goethe there is a new world set before his eyes ; a world of Earnestness and Sport, of solemn cliff and gay plain ; some such temple—far inferior, as it may well be, in magnificence and beauty, but a temple of the same architecture—some such temple for the Spirit of our age, as the Shakspeares and Spensers have raised for the Spirit of theirs.

This seems a bold assertion : but it is not made without deliberation, and such conviction as it has stood within my means to obtain. If it invite discussion, and forward the discovery of the truth in this matter, its best purpose will be answered. Goethe's genius is a study for other minds than have yet seriously engaged with it among us. By and by, apparently ere long, he will be tried and judged righteously ; he himself, and no cloud instead of him ; for he comes to us in such a questionable shape, that silence and neglect will not always serve our purpose. England, the chosen home of justice in all its senses, where the humblest merit has been acknowledged, and the highest fault not unduly punished, will do no injustice to this extraordinary man. And if, when her impartial sentence has been pronounced and sanctioned, it shall appear that Goethe's earliest admirers have wandered too far into the language of panegyric, I hope it may be reckoned no unpardonable sin. It is spirit-stirring rather than spirit-sharpening, to consider that there is one of the Prophets here with us in our own day ; that a man who is to be numbered with the Sages and *Sacri Vates*, the Shakspeares, the Tassos, the Cervanteses of the world, is looking on the things which we look on, has dealt with the very thoughts which we have to deal with, is reigning in serene dominion over the perplexities and contradictions in which we are still painfully entangled.

That Goethe's mind is full of inconsistencies and shortcomings, can be a secret to no one who has heard of the Fall of Adam. Nor would it be difficult, in this place, to muster a long catalogue of darknesses defacing our perception of this brightness: but it might be still less profitable than it is difficult; for in Goethe's writings, as in those of all true masters, an apparent blemish is apt, after maturer study, to pass into a beauty. His works cannot be judged in fractions, for each of them is conceived and written as a whole; the humble and common may be no less essential there than the high and splendid: it is only Chinese pictures that have no shade. There is a maxim, far better known than practised, that to detect faults is a much lower occupation than to recognise merits. We may add also, that though far easier in the execution, it is not a whit more certain in the result. What is the detecting of a fault, but the feeling of an incongruity, of a contradiction, which may exist in ourselves as well as in the object? Who shall say in which? None but he who sees this object as it is, and himself as he is. We have all heard of the critic fly; but none of us doubts the compass of his own vision. It is thus that a high work of art, still more that a high and original mind may at all times calculate on much sorriest criticism. In looking at an extraordinary man, it were good for an ordinary man to be sure of *seeing* him, before attempting to *oversee* him. Having ascertained that Goethe is an object deserving study, it will be time to censure his faults when we have clearly estimated his merits; and if we are wise judges, not till then.

Whether this work of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*[1] will exalt or depress our actual judgment of him, I pretend not to predict. Like all Goethe's works, its immediate reception is doubtful, or rather, perhaps, it is not doubtful. That these *Travels* will surprise and disappoint the reader, is too likely; and perhaps the reader of the *Apprenticeship* will be more surprised than any other. The book is called a romance; but it treats not of romance characters or subjects; it has less relation to Fielding's *Tom Jones* than to Spenser's *Faery Queen*. The scene is not laid on this firm Earth, but in a fair Utopia of Art and Science and free Activity: the figures, light and aëriform, come unlooked for, and melt away abruptly, like the pageants of Prospero in his enchanted Island.

[1] *Wanderjahre* denotes the period which a German artisan is, by law or usage, obliged to pass in travelling, to perfect himself in his craft, after the conclusion of his *Lehrjahre* (Apprenticeship), and before his Mastership can begin. In many gilds this custom is as old as their existence, and continues still to be indispensable; it is said to have originated in the frequent journeys of the German Emperors to Italy, and the consequent improvement observed in such workmen among their menials as had attended them thither. Most of the gilds are what is called *geschenkten*, that is, *presenting*, having presents to give to needy *wandering* brothers. This word *Wanderjahre* I have been obliged to translate by *Travels*, after in vain casting about for an expression that should more accurately represent it. Our mechanics have a word much nearer the mark: but this was never printed; and must not be printed, for the first time, here.

Whether this the baseless fabric of their vision is beautiful and significant like his, or vague and false, our readers are now to determine. To a reader of the original this question may appear already pretty well decided: in both languages, it is true, the work is still a fragment, hanging suspended in middle air ; but the matchless graces of its workmanship, the calm fulness, the noble simplicity of its style, are, in many points, for the one language only.

Nevertheless, I present this work to the English people without reluctance or misgivings, persuaded that though it may be caviare to the general, there are not wanting tastes among us to discern its worth and worthlessness, even under its present disadvantages, and to pronounce truly on both. Of his previous reception in this country, neither Goethe nor his admirers have reason to complain. By all men who have any pretension to depth or sensibility of mind, the existence of a high and peculiar genius has been cheerfully recognised in him ; a fact which, considering the unwonted and in many points forbidding aspect of his chief works, does honour both to the author and his critics; while their often numerous and grave objections have proved only that they had studied him with the cursory eye, which may suffice for cursory writers, but for him is not sufficient, nor likely to be final. In no quarter has there appeared any tendency to wilful unfairness, any jealousy as towards a stranger, any disposition to treat him otherwise than according to his true deserts. Indeed, wherefore should there ? We of England have of all nations, past and present, the least cause to be jealous with this mean jealousy. Our own literature is peopled with kingly names; our language is beautiful with their English intellects and English characters ; their works live forever in our hearts. If we cannot love and hold fast our own, and yet be just to others, who is there that can ? In soliciting and anticipating a true estimate of Goethe, I have only to wish that the same sentiments may continue with us.

For the rest, if it seem that I advocate this cause too warmly ; that Goethe's genius, whether it be good or bad, is in truth a very small concern to us, I may be allowed to remind my readers, that the existence or non-existence of a new Poet for the World in our own time, of a new Instructor and Preacher of Truth to all men, is really a question of more importance to us than many that are agitated with far greater noise.

II.

FRACTIONS.

[1823–1833.]

I.

TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT-MOTH.

Magna ausus.

'Tis placid midnight, stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in heaven;
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see! a wandering Night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright;
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-*savante* with rapture gazing,
Or Fount whence Life and Motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread;
At length her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts and—puff!—the moth is dead!

The sullen flame, for her scarce sparkling,
Gives but one hiss, one fitful glare;
Now bright and busy, now all darkling,
She snaps and fades to empty air.

Her bright gray form that spread so slimly,
Some fan she seemed of pigmy Queen;
Her silky cloak that lay so trimly,
Her wee, wee eyes that looked so keen.

Last moment here, now gone forever,
To naught are passed with fiery pain;
And ages circling round shall never
Give to this creature shape again!

Poor moth! near weeping I lament thee,
Thy glossy form, thy instant woe;
'Twas zeal for 'things too high' that sent thee
From cheery earth to shades below.

Short speck of boundless Space was needed
For home, for kingdom, world to thee!
Where passed unheeding as unheeded,
Thy little life from sorrow free.

But syren hopes from out thy dwelling
Enticed thee, bade thee earth explore,—
Thy frame so late with rapture swelling,
Is swept from earth forevermore!

Poor moth! thy fate my own resembles:
Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

Like thee, with common lot contented,
With humble joys and vulgar fate,
I might have lived and ne'er lamented,
Moth of a larger size, a longer date!

But Nature's majesty unveiling
What seem'd her wildest, grandest charms,
Eternal Truth and Beauty hailing,
Like thee, I rushed into her arms.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show:
And thoughts like these, for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are—death more slow!

II.

CUI BONO.

What is Hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder:
Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;—
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets.

III.

FOUR FABLES.

1.

ONCE upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the market-place, "That the world was all turned topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and earth at large if they did not mind it) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the Devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last, began objuring, foaming, imprecating; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting *his* position, set him down—on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Ha! deuce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet then, but I that was standing on my head!"

Censor, *Castigator morum*, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called! have a care; especially if thou art getting loud!

PILPAY JUNIOR.

2.

"Gentlemen," said a conjurer, one fine starry evening, "these heavens are a *deceptio visûs;* what you call stars are nothing but fiery motes in the air. Wait a little, I will clear them off, and show you how the matter is." Whereupon the artist produced a long syringe of great force; and, stooping over the neighbouring puddle, filled it with mud and dirty water, which he then squirted with might and main against the zenith. The wiser of the company unfurled their umbrellas; but most part, looking up in triumph; cried, "Down with delusion! It is an age of science! Have we not tallow lights then?" Here the mud and dirty water fell, and bespattered and beplastered these simple persons, and even put out the eyes of several, so that they never saw the stars any more.

Enlightened Utilitarian! art thou aware that this patent logic-mill of thine, which grindeth with such a clatter, is but a mill? P. J.

3.

"It is I that support this household," said a hen one day to herself; "the master cannot breakfast without an egg, for he is dyspeptical and would die, and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle, doing nothing earthly, and gets thrice the victual I do, and is caressed all day! By the Cock of Minerva, they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg!" But much as she cackled and creaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain; whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dunghill, and did nothing but cackle and creak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) drew her neck, and purchased other eggs at sixpence the dozen.

Man! why frettest thou and whinest thou? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead?—Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low! Wilt thou *strike work* with Providence then, and force him to 'an alternative?' Believe it, he will do without thee: *il n'y a point d'homme nécessaire.* P. J.

4.

"What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch-tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe."—"And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas."

The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school: John ever trim, precise and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time, John became Bailie John of Hunter-square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe.

The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage.

P. J.

IV.

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seedsheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in Spring.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this Year will be
As Years that are past have been.
Fall gently, &c.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The son of Six Thousand golden sires:
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently, &c.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain:
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

V.

ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If naught but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain ;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,—
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow ;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu forever now,
My dear,
Adieu forever now.

VI.

THE BEETLE.

Poor hobbling Beetle, needst not haste ;
Should Traveller Traveller thus alarm ?
Pursue thy journey through the waste,
Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast,
'Small family'—that have not dined ?
Lodged under pebble, there they fast,
Till head of house have raised the wind !

Man's bread lies 'mong the feet of men ;
For cark and moil sufficient cause !
Who cannot sow would reap ;—and then
In Beetledom are no Poor-Laws.

And if thy Wife and thou agree
But ill, as like when short of victual,
I swear, the Public Sympathy
Thy fortune meriteth, poor Beetle.

Alas, and I should do thee skaith,
To realms of Night with heeltap send !
Who judg'd thee worthy pains of Death ?—
On Earth, save me, without a Friend !

Pass on, poor Beetle, venerable
Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
Thou hast what Bel to Tower of Babel
Not gave: the chief of wonders—LIFE.

Also of 'ancient family,'
Though small in size, of feature dark:
What Debrett's Peer surpasseth thee?
Thy Ancestor was in Noah's Ark.

VII.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue Day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

VIII.

FORTUNA.

THE wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And the frost falls and the rain:
A weary heart went thankful to rest,
And must rise to toil again, 'gain,
And must rise to toil again.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And there comes good luck and bad;
The thriftiest man is the cheerfullest:
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
Ye shall know a tree by its fruit:
This world, they say, is worst to the best;—
But a dastard has evil to boot, boot,
But a dastard has evil to boot.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
What skills it to mourn or to talk?
A journey I have, and far ere I rest;
I must bundle my wallets and walk, walk,
I must bundle my wallets and walk.

The wind does blow as it lists alway;
Canst thou change this world to thy mind?
The world will wander its own wise way;
I also will wander mine, mine,
I also will wander mine.